

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 11, 1940

WHO'S WHO

BERNARD H. FITZPATRICK is a member of the bars of New York and of the United States Supreme Court. For some eight years he has had rather extensive contact with labor litigation. He has given courses for lawyers in labor law at the Xavier Labor School, New York. "This is," he confides, "my maiden effort at writing for publication." But then, with this having been accepted, he promises further articles. We are willing. . . . DONAL HAYES, P.S.M. is also a "first" for us. Born in Limerick, educated in Eire and Rome, a doctor of Sacred Theology from the Gregorian University, he served two years in a London parish and now labors in an Italian east-side Manhattan Church. P.S.M. means Pious Society of Missions, and the members are referred to as Pallottini Fathers. . . . GEORGE S. DE LORIMIER makes the third "first" this week. He is a man of business and a freelance writer. In Pacific Grove, California, he governs a family of five boys and four girls. . . . RAYMOND A. GRADY, from Maine, is the well known new-comer, referred to on April 20 and earlier. . . . WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, *Theological Studies* editor, offers another explanation of doctrine in respect to the current feast. . . . PAULE SIMON, wife of a philosophy professor at Notre Dame University, is herself an authority on French literature. Also, a "first." . . . PAUL J. PHELAN is an instructor at Fordham University. . . . HENRY RAGO is a well known poet, also from Notre Dame University. . . . JESSICA POWERS is a frequent contributor of poetry to this and other periodicals.

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COMMENT

CALAMITOUS it would be, were England and France to conclude further trade and other agreements with the Soviets, or were Italy to bind itself still closer to Nazi Germany. References to these possibilities are continually slipping into the reports from Europe. Our British brethren feel strongly, and know clearly the danger of any sort of an agreement with the Soviets. The authoritative *Tablet*, of London, in its issue of April 13, editorializes well:

Let there be no mistake about where Soviet Russia stands. The Soviet desire is that, through war, Europe may be prepared for revolutionary destruction. If there is to be a decision, the Soviets are determined that the war shall not be allowed to end in a victory for the West, but in a victory for that German revolution which they believe might be adapted and assimilated to their own.

May the *Tablet* thought find its way through the minds of the Prime Minister, the Premier and the Cabinet members of the Allied Governments.

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TWENTY years ago this month, the then Bishop Hayes, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, organized his eighth-grade girls into a Girl Scout Unit. From this Unit, scouting for Catholic girls has spread throughout the entire country. And Girl Scouts, Inc., has received the approbation of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops. In conjunction with this twentieth anniversary, the present editor was looking over the Girl Scout literature. He was surprised when he read the opening paragraph of the official booklet, for it recalled an incident long forgotten. States the booklet:

In 1918, the editor of AMERICA decided to study the recreational programs offered by national organizations to American girls. A thorough analysis of their aims and activities convinced him that, in theory at least, Girl Scouting was the program best suited to Catholic needs. Ethically and educationally, the program was sound and in full accord with Catholic principles. Since, however, Catholics had never officially cooperated in the movement in America, it was possible that many practices, not an essential part of the program, might prove undesirable to Catholic members.

We do recall, now, that the then editor, Father Tierney, initiated an investigation of the Girl Scout Movement. Certain modifications were made and disagreements were adjusted. By 1920, official Catholic approval was given. And now, more than twenty-five per cent of the membership of the Girl Scouts, Inc., is Catholic, far greater than the percentage of Catholic population in the country.

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THE IRISH in this country used to assume that you could not be much of a Catholic unless you boasted a good Irish name. They now admit reluctantly that good old Irish names are scattered

among Protestants, and even atheists. Every once in a while, the racial Irish of America are jolted out of their complacent claim to be the dominant Catholic majority by the surge of newer racial groups in the American Catholic Church. Not long ago, we visited an Italian parish to see the youth organization. Those youngsters were magnificent specimens of militant Catholicism. On another occasion, we were invited to observe the Poles, and were deeply impressed by the vitality of those adolescent boys and girls, as strong-fibred Catholics. The other night, we went hesitatingly to a Lithuanian parish school, to make an address before the Catholic Youth Association. We were astounded. Almost every room in the school was occupied by various groups and organizations. It seems to be that way every night. Several hundred young people, between eighteen and thirty, were present. We speculate as to how the American Irish might compare with these Lithuanians, with the charm of the girls and the fine, clean manliness of the boys. The C. Y. A. publishes its own eight-page paper every month, and a splendid job of journalism it is. Here are the names of some of the editors: Cizauskas, Dalinskas, Jakatt, Kruzas, Maskolaitis, Wieta, Schultz, Zemaitis, etc. Such as these may be the typical Catholics of the future.

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DEFINITION is fundamental to any natural science or system of philosophy, political or economic. Nor are definitions mere arbitrary whimsies; to be accepted they must be founded on experiment, fact, or long usage. To deny a fundamental definition is to cut the ground away from a science or philosophy. Yet it is becoming the vogue to give a new interpretation to most accepted things. If the current definition does not suit your purpose, redefine it to fit the circumstances. Liberal, democratic, Jacksonian have lost their meanings, and today if you are not a Communist, you *must* be a Fascist. It is not surprising then, in view of the current evolution of word-meaning, that Dr. Robert Ley, Nazi labor leader and newest contributor to National Socialist philosophy, should attempt to define "freedom" in terms of current Nazi practice.

A man is free, first, when he can eat, drink, dress and live as and where he pleases or finds necessary; second, when he can wander out into the world whenever and however he pleases; and, third, when others honor and esteem his labors.

Apart from the fact that Germans have no such freedom as Dr. Ley defines, the Nazi concept of it is purely materialistic; it does not extend beyond man's physical well-being; it gives him no right to others. And before all, freedom is necessarily intellectual, since reason and speech are what makes man what he is. Take away these prerogatives,

even though all material benefits may be his, and man is the most abject slave. Heaven help art and culture under a regime that so conceives of liberty.

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QUITE a number of groups and agencies have become interested in what may roughly be called the decentralist idea. Starting from widely varying interests and lines of activity, they have come more or less to the same conclusion that we shall not settle our economic troubles by increasing centralization of production or distribution; also, that the way out is not to be found in the various collectivist schemes which up to now have so strongly appealed to the "liberal" mind. Indeed, in a discussion which took place on this matter on April 14 at the School of Living, in Suffern, N. Y., special note was made of the wavering faith of "liberals" in the collectivist panacea since things began popping in Europe. The meeting point of these different elements is a desire to encourage direct use and ownership of productive property and small-scale economic and political units—without, however, interfering with mass production in fields where mass production is proved to be both practical and necessary. Homesteading groups from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan were represented at the Suffern conference: also Iowa, by Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, organizer of the eminently successful Granger Iowa Homestead Community; and Vermont, by the Very Rev. L. E. Gosselin, S.S.E., president of St. Michael's College, which specializes on the decentralist program. The practical question is: will the 1940 platform makers take cognizance thereof?

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MOST census takers have been equal to the occasions that resulted from their interviews with the citizenry, but when Mrs. Arthur Cline of Toledo, Ohio, replied, to a question as to the amount of mortgage on her home, that it was \$45,000,000,000, the Government's tabulator started a row. But Mrs. Cline stuck to her guns and insisted that the national debt was a lien on the homes of the entire nation. Ridiculous as the situation may appear at first sight, there is more than a grain of truth in what the lady holds. The tax-burden of \$45,000,000,000 has made us a generation of debtors, in default to ourselves as a nation, it is true, but debtors nonetheless. It is an obligation too great for the present age, but which must be met by a generation yet unborn. Will this coming generation, however, shoulder this burden laid on them without their consent and for which they are not responsible? What is to prevent these future Americans from disavowing the obligation? And in the resultant chaos, who can predict what the outcome will be? Vivid examples of such current repudiation of past obligations are before us. It is such a state of affairs that put Hitler at the head of despairing Germany, and the heel of a Lenin and Stalin on the neck of a long-suffering Russian people. A day of reckoning must come for the

orgy of Federal spending and there is no one who can tell us what the outcome will spell for our American constitutional Government. Fortunately, it is not yet too late, but we had better be about the business of looking to a sane Congress.

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BY adding a single line to a badly begun limerick you can win a car and a trip to the World's Fair. By taking a stab at a "right" or "wrong" in a quiz contest you can win the price of a new suit. By stumping an information expert with some fact you have sleuthed out of somebody else's encyclopedia, you can get a sizable check and a full set of encyclopedias for yourself. There is no counting the number of ways you can get tooth paste, breakfast food, fur coats without paying any money. You are likely to find yourself enriched to the extent of a hundred dollars as a reward for the physical exertion of placing a bean accurately on the right square at a parish bazaar. There seems to be only one way in which you cannot satisfactorily earn a living these days, and that is by work. Millions of Americans have found loafing one of the most profitable forms of present-day employment. With our banks bursting with money, our stores bursting with merchandise, and our sidewalks bursting with customers, it is strange that no way can be found to set the ball rolling to give us a few years of prosperity. The situation must be quite maddening to the economist, who rather fancied up till lately that there was a science entrusted to his keeping.

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FUNCTIONING somewhat like a huge vacuum cleaner, the Double-Anti Contest is drawing in educational dust from far-flung sections of the country. Instances of anti-Americanism and anti-religion in schools, colleges and universities find their way to the Double-Anti Editor. Perhaps a few samples, selected at random, from the material thus far received may prove of interest. A lady from Washington, D. C., writes: "I am a mother of small children. . . . Your Double-Anti Contest interested me so much that I got some books by John Dewey, who, I know, has influenced education in this country enormously." She quotes a number of passages relating to religion from a book by Dewey. A Californian forwards an editorial from a college paper. A New York girl writes: "Though I graduated from high school four years ago I remember the general 'cracks' some of the teachers were fond of making with regard to religion and Americanism." Another New Yorker submitted fifteen variegated instances of the two Antis. Demands of space forbid the giving of further samples. The more examples we receive of anti-Americanism and anti-religion in the schools, the more powerful will be the spotlight thrown on the forces inimical to God and country which are now striving to capture the thought of young America. Will you, dear reader, by sending in as many instances of the Antis as you can, help us to make that spotlight very powerful?

THE N. LABOR RELATIONS B.— WHAT IT SAYS AND HOW IT ACTS

Labor and industry—equal laws, equally enforced

BERNARD H. FITZPATRICK

THE LAW professor who coined the phrase, "An immortal right to bring an eternally prohibited action," had a sly sense of humor. If I were thus equipped, I might adequately describe a legal "right," as one which no tribunal will enforce; a "right," the violation of which, its possessor is powerless to restrain; a "right" which exists only on paper, and is never, save by accident, translated into reality.

Such a "right" is that which, with blare of trumpet, is given to employees by the National Labor Relations Act, Section 7:

Employees shall have the right to self-organization, to form, join, or assist labor organizations, to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and to engage in concerted activities, for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection.

There is no word of tongue or pen which could more clearly declare the right of employees; but, in dozen odd cases that have been before the courts involving the existence of the "right" to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, it has been held:

1. The employee has no right to organize and bargain collectively which the courts will enforce.
2. The employee has no rights of any sort before the National Labor Relations Board.
3. The right enforced by the National Labor Relations Board is not the right of the employee to organize and bargain collectively, but the right of the people of the United States to a flow of commerce uninterrupted by strikes.

There is a single case, the Harlan County Mine Owners prosecution, in which a court held, without opinion, that employees do have rights under the National Labor Relations Act.

The courts have not made these decisions arbitrarily. The decisions are well justified, if you overlook one of the two possible meanings of the words in the Act giving enforcement power to the Board. Likewise, if you adopt the proper "angle" on one or two ambiguous references in Congressional Committee Reports, you come to the conclusion that Congress never intended to create any right in employees.

If this were a brief, I should be glad to show the legal arguments, pro and con. My concern is, how-

ever, not that of advocate, but of critic, so I accept the rulings of the courts as the law, and question the soundness of that law. Let us first see what it means in practice.

Timidly I knock on the door of the National Labor Relations Board, knowing that, as attorney for a union, I have no rights there. Hat in hand, my ordinarily stiff knee ready to bend in the presence of the Prerogative (God save the Stuarts!), I present the malodorous facts of one of the most immoral and unconscionable "unfair labor practices" it has ever been my misfortune to smell. I watch the tears fill the eyes of the August Presence at the picture I paint of seventy families on relief; I see the curl of scorn about the lips as I detail the dastardly and corrupt acts of the employer which broke the union of his employees and left them breadless. My hopes jump when, to my mild "strike breakers," he says: "You mean scabs?" But when I mention that the unholy "scabs" were furnished by the connivance with another labor union, the tears dry immediately, the lip uncurls and hardens:

"It is not our policy to redress wrongs of such a nature."

"But have my clients not a right, also, under the law?"

"Oh yes, but it is not our policy to enforce it."

"I'll appeal!"

"You can't appeal; the only appeal is that of the employer from an order finding him guilty of unfair labor practices."

"I'll mandamus you!"

"You can't—the Act gives us power, but does not command us to exercise it."

Again I come into the August Presence, this time with more confidence. For now I represent an employer, and an employer, oddly enough, is given some rights under the Act. Twice the August Presence has condemned this employer; once after a long trial through the mouth of its Trial Examiner, again by the full Board in an unanimous decision and "final" order against which I am now about to appeal to the court. The Board speaks:

"Can't we settle this without going to court?"

"Well, I'll consent to an order which will save your face, so long as my client is not required to right

what you have found to be wrongs to his employees," said I.

"You may consider it settled, then."

"Won't you want to consult the union or the employees?" said I.

"Well, naturally, I shall call them up and inform them about it. *But it is not necessary to require their consent.*"

But these dramatized, albeit accurate, recountings of my personal experiences are colorless compared with the coldly presented facts in a recently decided case in the Supreme Court. (*Amalgamated Utility Workers, etc. v. Consolidated Edison Company*, 84 L. Ed. 493.) There, the Board found that the "rights" of employees had been violated; its decision was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals; and, with some modification, by the Supreme Court of the United States. Were I to say still that the employees had no rights, I should probably be called a dolt.

But the employer—at least the employees believed—failed to carry out the terms of the order, despite its confirmation by the Supreme Court. The Board, for some reason, was unwilling to "carry the ball" for the employees to the extent of moving to compel compliance, and the employees petitioned the Circuit Court of Appeals to enforce their "rights." The Circuit Court of Appeals refused even to entertain the petition, and the Supreme Court, affirming in a crystal-clear opinion, held unequivocally that the employees had no rights of any kind under the Act.

To be sure, the Court used the phrase "right of action," and not the mere word "right." A "right of action" is simply the recognition by courts of a "right" as a means of enforcing it. Lawyers, who, for all their hair-splitting, are eminently practical people, have always recognized that a "right" is no right at all unless the owner can enforce it. Conversely, they say that if no "right of action" exists, there is no right. Their observations accord with reality; any other doctrine, legally speaking, is not sense, but mere sound.

Now let us look beyond these cases and see what sort of agency we have created in the National Labor Relations Board. What power have we given it? It is quite clear, upon consideration, that we have given it:

1. The power to recognize, or to refuse to recognize, a "right" in individuals.
2. The power to recognize, or to refuse to recognize "rights" in classes of employees according to rules which have been made by itself, not ordained by Congress nor by the people, and not subject to control by the courts.
3. Like powers to discriminate between individual employers and classes of employers.
4. The power to govern employer-employee relations not by general laws applying to all in like circumstances, not by equal laws, but by whim, or caprice uncontrollable because not reviewable by any other government authority.

The first three powers are clearly legislative powers, such as Congress itself is supposed to exercise, and may delegate only when restricted by

guides for the action of an administrative body. The last is a power which is denied to Congress itself and to every State Legislature—the power to prefer "the favorite at court" to "the countryman at plough."

I know that there are weasel words in some of the law books under which this can be justified; but I am not building up a technical legal argument. I am showing the unrighteousness of the thing. If "equality before the law" be the spirit of our legal institutions, certainly this enactment does not breathe their spirit (as indeed it does not—it is a foreign importation, the *droit administratif*, from the Civil Law, whose major tenet is that the law is *quod Principi placuit*—"whatever hath pleased the fancy of the King").

So much for the quality of the power. Let us now look at its scope. Suppose that tomorrow the Board should decide that craft unionism is to be preferred to industrial unionism. It adopts a "policy," then, of refusing to issue complaints at the behest of industrial unions, or of employees who prefer industrial unions; granting a blanket immunity to employers who apply the sabot to industrial unions. The result will be the wholesale destruction of industrial unions and the submergence of the industrial-union philosophy. You can readily see that an antipathy to craft unionism will produce a like submergence of craft unions.

Perhaps the most likely prey for this weapon would be a new form of unionism. Let us say that tomorrow industrial conditions change so as to make expedient a form of union based on wage levels, so that, instead of type of work, or function in the service of one employer, the actual earnings will be the base of the group. You would have, then, organizations like "The Two Thousand Dollar a Year Men's International Union." The Board, with pressure groups of the older forms of unionism at its heels, might well decide to expunge this new form of unionism—and it has in its hand the weapon with which to do it, though every working man in the country desire to be organized in that fashion.

My example, perhaps, borders on the silly, but my principle does not. We have not yet explored the entire organizational armory. Tomorrow may give us a mixed form of organization maintaining craft standards not through craft, but through functional organization. If that should happen, the employee, not the Board, should be the one to determine its wisdom. The power we have given the Board is the power to tear down or to build up entire organizations of employees, and entire philosophies of unionism. When we gave that power, we certainly did not understand what we gave.

I make bold to suggest that we give to labor and to industry the benefit of equal laws, equally enforced; and that, having implemented labor with the weapon of its just economic power, having brought industry and labor to a balance, we allow them to work out their destinies unhampered by the not always wise ministrations of the Government. The alternative is arbitrary control by more or less irresponsible boards.

A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND CAUSES LOTS OF HARD FEELING

It is always time for England to worry about the back yard

DONAL HAYES, P.S.M.

THERE have been no recent news-dispatches from Ireland of any account. For this we can thank goodness, and comfort ourselves with the proverb that no news is good news—especially in the case of Ireland. But once again, a month or two ago, Ireland loomed large in the great press of the world. It is very significant that our only legitimate title of access to the great news-sheets appears to be the stubborn fact that we are once again behaving naughtily. It would appear that neutral observers have once again confirmed the legend of the anarchical bug in us. The old yarn has come to life once more of the Irishman stranded on the unknown island. On ascertaining that it boasted the (to him) doubtful privilege of having a government, he declared himself without more ado unconditionally "agin id." Perhaps we are irreducible cranks, anarchists, saboteurs.

And yet, notwithstanding the plausibility of the argument, we somehow doubt it. It is not necessarily, as many would have us believe, a spirit of destruction and opposition and arson and sabotage and reckless irresponsibility that always bedevils us. Perhaps in the last analysis there is some deep-rooted cause for this spirit of nihilistic anarchism. Conceivably, it might be a rabid sense of justice and fairplay inherent in the generality of Irishmen, as in all oppressed peoples, their violent mental and moral reaction to canonized and legalized injustice, their sense of desperation and futility before bovine stupidity enshrined as law and fortified by the strongholds of might. The Irishman is not easily cowed, no matter what the odds against him. It seems obvious to him that desperate situations require desperate remedies. An instance might be the campaign of bombing and terrorism in England.

What, we may ask, is the cause of such an attitude? All assertions or insinuations to the contrary, it is certainly not a mere impish delight in tormenting England when she is in difficulty. The saying, now become trite, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity" means more than pure cussedness and Celtic perversity. But let us explain by a concrete example. Rightly or wrongly (it does not matter to our argument if the fact is admitted as we think it should be), a few months ago the vast majority of Irishmen were distinctly favorable to

an Allied victory in the present war with Germany, at least on the principle that it was the lesser of two evils. How popular opinion is now, after the execution of two young Irishmen, I do not profess to know; but I am certain that this latest stupidity of England in her dealings with Ireland has incensed a big section of the population against the Allied cause and cemented the sympathy of a great many otherwise moderate people with the cause of the so-called extremist elements.

It will have also cut the ground from under de Valera's position as an advocate of peaceful penetration of the partition question by conciliation with England and by propaganda in and outside it. The minority who looked forward to a German victory in the present struggle as the only final vindication of Ireland's wrongs—a woefully erroneous attitude in our opinion—will have now increased. Some have suggested that de Valera, who was undoubtedly popular, is now in a precarious position. That would mean the whole country is in the melting pot again, and once again because of the Englishman's incurable lack of understanding of the Irish character and temperament.

It was rumored in September that the present Government in Ireland could not depend on the army in maintaining its attitude of neutrality, and that a large section of it with certain highly placed officers were for "marching into the north." Whether there was any element of truth in such a rumor is doubtful, but there were shiftings in the cabinet in Dublin and particularly in the Ministry of Defence, about which there was something of an air of mystery.

Some have suggested, and it is not to be ruled out of court, that the campaign of terrorism in England of the I.R.A. extremists is another recrudescence of Communism masquerading under the veil of national sentiment. This would not be something new in Irish political life. Such tactics were tried out some few years ago, but were quickly stamped out of popular favor by a timely and masterly exposure of its machinations from the pen of the Most Rev. Dr. Kinnane, Bishop of Waterford. It would mean, therefore, that Left elements were facing the question of the northern counties in an effort to upset the whole machine of govern-

ment once more in Ireland and effect a Communist coup d'état. Naturally, a better leverage on popular opinion it would be hard to find, and obviously, if such aims were kept well enough guarded, the whole country might quite conceivably be stamped into a false position.

The recent extremist manifestations could not possibly be described as being in any way constructive. They have sabotaged de Valera's plan of campaign for the abolition of partition, even before it could be got under way; and their latest sequel in the Coventry executions has raised Ireland's bad blood once more. They can do nothing but make worse the already unfortunate position of the Catholic and Nationalist minorities in the six counties of Northern Ireland. These latter had already been practically disfranchised and subjected (according to the findings of a purely English and Protestant commission of inquiry) to a dictatorship compared by the same commission to the worst in Europe, their civil liberties taken from them, the writ of Habeas Corpus suspended in their regard, excluded from even the smallest position of trust under the Government, simply because they were Catholics.

Officially, there was no persecution of Catholics or any discrimination against them. When they presented themselves for a job they were never asked what religion they professed; simply what school they went to. That was index enough to gauge their loyalty to a regime that has been proclaimed time and again by its responsible ministers as a "Protestant Government for a Protestant people."

The minorities of Northern Ireland have had ample motives for cynicism about British war aims when they see that the lofty principles about democracy and non-aggression, so unctuously preached by Britain to Germany and others when there is question of Czecho-Slovaks, Sudetan Germans, Austrians and Poles, are conveniently forgotten or ignored when the "Sudetan Irish" are concerned.

It is true, of course, that there is a semblance of democracy in Northern Ireland. The elections are free elections and the Unionists have a real majority there. It serves as a pretext for the continuance of a wholly artificial state of affairs. Even de Valera cannot deny the majority such as it is; but he claims, and with a perfect right we think, that if the electoral constituencies were not "gerrymandered," if they were not broken up in a highly artificial way so as to give the Orange clique a most unfair advantage, if the Catholic and Nationalist vote were not weakened by splitting up strong Nationalist districts naturally forming one electoral division or ward and bundling them in as minorities with Protestant ones, if the electoral divisions were not carved up so as to give the maximum advantage to the Unionists, especially under the system of straight voting, the majority in favor of continuing the British connection would be reduced to the ridiculous position that three counties only would be in favor of it, with a strong minority in Belfast very articulately opposed.

Ireland is a physical unit and obviously should be a political one. No Irishman can view with com-

placency a customs barrier of three hundred miles that has now to be maintained by two Governments with enormous cost to both, with highways and railroads passing in and out from one jurisdiction to another, to the perpetual chagrin and despair of all men of common sense. Every time one crosses the border—a tour de force and happy hunting ground for our humorists—he is subjected to a most meticulous search by both Northern Ireland and Eire customs officials. Withal smuggling has attained the status of an exact science.

The jurisdiction of the Northern Irish parliament is purely arbitrary, not only because it frustrates the obvious physical and political unity of Ireland but also, and more especially, because it corresponds to no natural or historical division of the country, and is, therefore, artificial in the extreme. It is not the historical province of Ulster, as Mr. de Valera has so often reiterated; because, if such were the case, a majority would soon vote for secession from it and for union with the parliament that functions in Dublin. The Six Counties constitute just as much as Lord Craigavon could possibly hope to control, even under optimum conditions, by employing the methods of a dubious and partial system of democracy. The system of proportional representation that applies in Southern Ireland—a system ideally suited to express the real voice of public opinion—could not possibly be applied there. Moreover, notwithstanding that Belfast is handfed from across the channel, unemployment is always on the 100,000 mark in a population of a million and a quarter, a much higher percentage than in Eire.

If England were to discontinue her subsidy of over two million pounds a year, the barriers would crumble before the rising tide of national and political consciousness. Nature abhors a vacuum and the present situation in Ireland is void of meaning.

As long as this petty contrivance for exasperating Irishmen is bolstered up by substantial subsidies from Westminster, it is impossible to foresee the end of political unrest in Ireland, and Irishmen cannot be intimidated into an attitude of resignation to it. The result of the complete bankruptcy of political wisdom in England is manifesting itself in Ireland no less than in India and Palestine. She has nothing to fear from a free and united Ireland, but rather she has everything to gain. Ireland and England could be friends—they have much in common apart from religion—but as long as this ridiculous sham continues, the wounds that have lain open for centuries will not be healed.

What we have said can be admitted to be frankly partisan. It was meant to be a plea for the understanding of the Irish reaction and an attempt to apportion the blame, but not so as to exonerate Catholics and Nationalists from all blame for some of the things that have happened for the past twenty years. Human nature is human nature. By an unjust and unfair situation it can be goaded on to extremes. Such a situation can be legitimately offered in extenuation of the sins of the sufferers, but not as an apology for the continuation of the cause of the trouble.

MY DEAR PROFESSORS, YOU ARE MARVELLOUS!

GEORGE S. DE LORIMIER



ANNOUNCER: The following program, which is entirely unrehearsed, presents an informal discussion between Professor J. Clyde Wilberwill, former dean of the University of Appomattox, and Professor Alan Lemuel Carstairs, director of Sociology at the University of Tunkhannock, on the subject: Horse and Buggy Ideals in a Streamlined Democracy. The opinions of the speakers are entirely their own and in no way reflect the views of the station to which you are listening.

First Voice: Good evening, Carstairs! I believe that in a discussion of this nature, with the limited time we have at our disposal, we must first of all agree that the spirit of democracy consists in a democratic way of life—if I make myself clear.

Second Voice: What you mean to say, I gather, is that it makes no difference whether I wash my hands in a tin basin or in a porcelain lavatory with stainless steel trimmings, as long as my inner convictions are activated by the democratic principle.

First Voice: I will concede that, Carstairs, only as far as the time element is concerned. By that, I mean to say that if you were to ask me to wash my hands in a tin basin fifty years ago—well and good! But if you are asking me to wash my hands in a tin basin in this day of modern plumbing—well, you bring up a point that I would not care to answer with a too hasty or dogmatic affirmative.

Second Voice: I think I understand what you mean, Wilberwill. You mean that a democracy cannot afford to ignore progress; in fact, that progress is the essence of democracy. Therefore, whereas it was becoming, say, for Abraham Lincoln to wash his hands in a tin basin, the citizen of today has every right to coordinate his daily life with modern plumbing, radios, motor cars and electric refrigerators.

First Voice: I would go farther, Carstairs. If democracy means anything at all, I maintain it is a positive duty of your true Liberal to enjoy all the advances of modern civilization. After all, what is the purpose of civilization?

Second Voice: I agree with you, Wilberwill, *theoretically*. In other words, you are visualizing an ideal—a perfect civilization with complete happiness. But are you not facing a slight difficulty? Now, please do not misunderstand me. I do not say your ideal is not possible, but are you not heading into the age-old problem of human nature?

First Voice: Human nature, indeed! That is the cry of every reactionary.

Second Voice: You certainly are not seriously accusing me of being reactionary, Wilberwill?

First Voice: God forbid, my dear Carstairs! But can you not see that when you bring up the argu-

ment of human nature you are merely begging the question? What is a democracy for if it is not to point out to the citizen, such as he is, the way to the higher life? To train, to educate, to render every aid in the pursuit of happiness which is guaranteed him under the Constitution.

Second Voice: Quite true! But I think you are minimizing the brutal side of human nature, Wilberwill. Think of the man actuated solely by insatiable greed. If his neighbor has one automobile, he must have two. If his neighbor has two radios, he must have three or four—.

First Voice: Go ahead! Why don't you say a hundred?

Second Voice: All right, I do say a hundred.

First Voice: You see, Carstairs, if you will permit me to say it, you have led yourself entirely away from the point. We must never lose sight of the spirit of democracy. I am afraid you are over-emphasizing the background or trappings of democracy at the expense of the guiding principle. Or, to express it another way, are not the radios, the motor cars, the electric refrigerators the result of a democratic concept of mind?

Second Voice: I quite agree with the principles you are enunciating, Wilberwill; but I still do not believe you quite get the point I am trying to make. Let me put it another way: Are there any people in the United States who have no electric refrigerators?

First Voice: Most certainly there are; as there are in England, in France, in Russia—.

Second Voice: Did you say Russia?

First Voice: I believe I did.

Second Voice: Would you contend that Russia is a democracy?

First Voice: I think you are getting away from the point again, my dear Carstairs. The spirit of democracy is the thing that counts. This is a complex, intangible thing that springs from the human heart. It is the thing we are here concerned with. The trouble with most of us is, that we like labels. It is not as simple as that.

Second Voice: Then I take it, Wilberwill, what might be a democracy today could well be a dictatorship tomorrow?

First Voice: You will insist on labels, Carstairs. However, obviously, if I am analyzing a state of mind I must agree that it is subject to the vicissitudes of, shall I say, progress.

Second Voice: Well, that just about brings us back to where we started, does it not, Wilberwill? As I see the problem, we are faced with a dynamic force that may flow in any direction.

First Voice: Theoretically, that may be so, my dear Carstairs. But are you not forgetting the purposes of education? After all, how can a democracy function except through the will of the people? And how can the will of the people be directed along the true paths of democracy except through education?

Second Voice: You feel then, Wilberwill, that with the wonderful system of education in the United States we need never fear that the great majority of our enlightened citizens will not successfully di-

rect our nation to the fullest development of our democratic ideals?

First Voice: That, I maintain, is the bulwark, Carstairs.

Second Voice: And, I take it, you will agree further that our enlightened citizen is entitled to the fruits of democracy?

First Voice: I will ask you just what you mean by the fruits of democracy?

Second Voice: Merely what you have been discussing: motor cars, radios, bath tubs, refrigerators.

First Voice: While I am quite prepared to affirm your question, you will pardon me, my dear Carstairs, if I point out to you that you are opening up the entire field of economics. Really, sometimes I feel that you have the capitalistic mind. Now, I have been assuming that this discussion was concerned with the subjective aspect of democracy; although I quite agree that we cannot divorce the field of economics from the democratic process.

Second Voice: Precisely! You have admitted that in this country there are some—I will say many—people who have no motor cars, no radios, no electric refrigerators. What of them? Now, do not misunderstand me, Wilberwill. I am not insisting personally that they should have them. I am merely asking you whether, in a true democracy, they are not entitled to them.

First Voice: I think I have intimated clearly that they are entitled to them.

Second Voice: But still they do not have them.

First Voice: Suppose I answer that they are free to acquire them?

Second Voice: Is not that the capitalist's argument?

First Voice: Really, Carstairs, I trust you will not take it amiss if I again point out to you that you are stressing the economic thesis which is merely one of the problems to be solved by the democratic principle. If I may say it, you are confusing cause with effect. You are inclined, I think, my dear Carstairs, to allow yourself to become too concerned with the workings of democracy. In short, you have a pragmatic mind. You become enmeshed in the endless manifestations of a weak mankind struggling to adjust itself to the democratic concept. It is the spirit of democracy that really matters. The great founders of our Constitution concerned themselves with principles. They were well aware that from a guiding light would flow the orderly development of the democratic process.

Second Voice: Then I will ask you this, Wilberwill: have you not stated that the guiding principle itself is subject to change or development?

First Voice: I beg your pardon!

Second Voice: I believe you agreed that the essence of democracy is progress. Therefore, what are guiding principles of democracy today could conceivably be something different tomorrow?

First Voice: I would like to answer that question, Carstairs, but I see our time is about up. In closing, I trust that this free discussion, which is in itself one of the bright manifestations of our democratic heritage, has been helpful to our listeners. Good night, Carstairs!

Second Voice: Good night, Wilberwill!

WANTED: A CHANGE OF BREAKFAST MENU

RAYMOND A. GRADY



I HAVE already written of my hearty admiration of Mr. Irvin S. Cobb's description of cooking. And I still admire greatly his literary workmanship, even though I am inclined to deplore somewhat his culinary taste.

He can take such an unpromising litter of common vegetables, meats and other impedimenta and make it sound so appetizing! Only, lately I noticed that Mr. Cobb has confined his descriptions mostly to dinners, with a very slight nod in the direction of luncheon. He does not seem to describe anything but the heartier, heavier meals.

And I am wondering why nobody has done anything about the great American breakfast. You can buy cookbooks that will tell you how to prepare informal luncheons, full course dinners or steak suppers. But where is the genius who will lead us out of the cul-de-sac into which we have stumbled seeking breakfast?

When you have had bacon and eggs, or sausage and buckwheat cakes, or some of those nauseating cereals famous because they contain vitamins, calories, ergs and everything except food, you have rung the changes on what you may expect at breakfast time.

Now breakfast is the most satisfying meal of the day; or it should be. You get up feeling rested and hungry. You may be in a hurry, but you really are ripe to eat something. And what in reality do you get?

The same thing every day in the week—that's what you get! If a housewife prepared luncheon and dinner in the same manner she prepares breakfast, the proportion of divorces would rise from whatever it is to 102%. Could you love your wife if you got veal cutlets seven times a week for dinner? Would you endow her with all your worldly goods, cherish and obey her if luncheon was always roast beef?

But we make no complaint about breakfasts that are the same yesterday, today and forever more. What this country needs is a law. A real, genuine law with teeth in it. One that would compel the cook to vary each meal at least three times a week. There would not be any worry then about nervous breakdowns, indigestion, spruce-bud worm or drought.

Can we have, please, a new political party furthering this idea? I did have some hope of Calvin Coolidge when he served pie at breakfast. But the weight of uniformity got him down at last. He was afraid that he would be tagged as a "radical" if he persisted in his fine attempt, and he let fear of public opinion, unfortunately for the good of the nation, weigh with him too much.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH AND LOVE IN OUR MINDS AND HEARTS

Pentecost brings mystery, yet radiant understanding

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.

DAILY in our prayers we say: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, . . . and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost." In the more sonorous cadences of the Nicene Creed, these words are pronounced each Sunday in Holy Mass. They have been pronounced in those moments of solemnity in which the Bishops have been gathered with the Vicar of Christ in council to rule and guide the faithful through times of stress and crisis. With all the followers of Christ from the hour of His ministry in the Holy Land, with all the millions of twenty centuries, with martyrs who have died for their Faith, with doctors and confessors who have expounded it and lived it in their lives, with all the Saints of the Church, even with all the sinners who have been false to her at times, we join in the profession of a perennial faith in the August Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. We believe in One God and Three Divine Persons.

If we are asked why we believe in this mystery we have a very simple and cogent answer: Jesus Christ told us so. He said that the Father had sent Him; He also said that He and the Father sent the Holy Ghost. He preached that the manner in which a soul was incorporated into His Kingdom was through Baptism, and bade His Apostles to teach His faith to all men and to baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Yet He was not preaching three gods. He taught that there was One God; just as clearly He distinguished between the Father and Himself, and between these two and the Third Person.

A MYSTERY REASONABLY ACCEPTED

Theologians have labored through twenty centuries on this dogma of the Blessed Trinity, and have followed down every lead of Catholic Tradition and Holy Scripture to gather all that God has told us of this mystery. But not one of them has ever claimed to understand it; each one has been confronted with the plain fact that Christ and His Church have preached it and with the fact of his own inability to see it plainly. God has said there is a Third Person, and I do not see how this can be—each has come to this stopping-place of thought, and from there on one remained orthodox or elected to defend a heresy.

Those with an ounce of common sense took the following attitude: The infinite God of all truth has told me something which I cannot understand. Very well, my mind is finite and the range of truths it can discover of itself is finite. It is not surprising that God knows many truths which I do not. It is a very wonderful thing that God has condescended to tell me about this Trinity. Of course, I do not quite comprehend it; everywhere I meet a nature I meet a person too; but I must not be too hasty and conclude that therefore a nature is always a person. God says that He is one in nature and three in persons. I will look forward to more light someday in Heaven, where I am promised the vision of this Triune God.

A BELIEF UNREASONABLY REJECTED

But there were others who called this belief in a Third Person or in Three Persons metaphysical bosh. Their attitude was: they could not understand it, therefore it was not so. If the doctrine was not plain to human reason, then man had no right to accept it. The preachers of this attitude were the glorifiers of human reason and its approval was sought for anything which man might accept. If a doctrine was not intrinsically plain to human reason, then belief in it was named credulity, credulousness, religiosity, and a hundred other names which implied that believers in the Person of the Holy Ghost were weakminded. At bottom those who denied the Holy Ghost assumed that the human mind was the universal and exclusive measure of all that could be known, or thought, or recognized, or believed; all had to stand at the bar of reason, and be proved intrinsically intelligible; all mysteries were thus excluded.

It was pointed out that this claim of reason was unreasonable, that the Infinite God might be expected to know truths beyond the scope of the intelligence of a finite mind. No, those who vaunted the richness and depth of human reason did not admit this; to support themselves they added doubts that Christ preached a Third Person; or that He was God Whose testimony could be counted unexceptional; or, finally, that we do not know anyhow whether God exists or not. Marvelous, indeed, are the contraptions and gadgets of human

inventions; there are knobs at every elbow in our material life. Just as marvelous are the gadgets and contraptions of twenty centuries of heretical ingenuity. There have been unitarians from the day when Christ first mentioned the Holy Ghost, and their bones, like those who perished in crossing deserts to some earthly bourne, have whitened on the trails of nearly two thousand years.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH OVER THE CHURCH

But why have I devoted so much space to the *reasonable* attitude toward our faith in the Holy Ghost? It is because this feast of Pentecost quite properly recalls to our mind that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Truth. Truth is always acceptable to reason; when it transcends finite reason, then also the motive for accepting it is infinite. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will teach you all truth." "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you."

These are the assurances of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, which He made in the solemn hour He spent with the Apostles before He went out to begin His passion. They convey to us clearly that the complete doctrine of Christ will be preserved intact and undefiled. And most reasonably did Christ, Who is Divine Wisdom, throw the Divine protection of the Holy Spirit around the preaching of Christian doctrine. For under pain of salvation the men of all nations were obliged to accept the teaching of the Apostles. If it were not Divinely guarded from invasive human misinterpretation, then men could have been compelled, even in face of the flames of hell, to accept error. It is patently absurd that God could have cruelly forced on man this awful dilemma.

It is the Holy Spirit, then, the Spirit of Truth, who stands behind the infallible pronouncements of the Catholic Church. Whenever Pontiff or Council pronounce upon the doctrine of Christ, it is the Holy Spirit through Whose assistance the formulary of Faith or morals is safeguarded from error. This does not mean that there is a positive Divine intervention; it does not mean that the Holy Spirit acts directly on the mind or moves the pen. This assistance is not Biblical inspiration, where the Holy Spirit makes of the mind of the writer an instrument and a subordinate through a Divine motion which supports and directs the human mind and will. No, the assistance which the Holy Spirit gives in the formulation of the pronouncements of Faith is merely what is implied in the Latin nuance of *assistance*, a *standing by*. It may be compared with the guide who is ready to prevent the misstep of a child; or with the master who watches over the pupil and halts him when he is about to fall into error.

THE HOLY SPIRIT DWELLS IN MAN

Not only does the Holy Spirit guard and guide the Faith of the whole Church. He is also the Spirit of Truth to Whom the special protection of the individual Faith of her members is assigned.

For an act of Faith is a supernatural act; it cannot be made without the Grace of God, and the distribution of God's Grace, while an action of the Triune God, is appropriated to the Holy Spirit.

This function of the Spirit has beautiful features in it; there are the fruits of the Holy Spirit, the gifts of the Holy Spirit; there is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the soul which is in sanctifying Grace. The tomes of Catholic theology are filled with developments of these themes. They are the outlines of the story of the activity of the Holy Ghost in the souls of men. In lieu of even contracted treatment of them here, let us turn from the consideration of the Holy Spirit and the Church, and of the Holy Spirit and the soul, to Christ's words on the Holy Spirit and the world.

THE ADVOCATE AND THE WORLD

"And when he is come, he will convince the world of sin, of justice and of judgment." The phrase is forensic; it belongs to the law-courts. To convince means to cross-examine for purposes of proving, convicting, rebutting, rejecting, censuring. It has the notion of driving home a truth inexorably, of permitting no logical escape, of imposing surrender even though grudging. It connotes that the person who is convinced is hostile, not docile to leading questions, obstinate, but that the Advocate or Paraclete mercilessly scores truth against unwilling minds.

Now in the case of Christ's doctrine it is the Holy Ghost Who is the Advocate and Paraclete. His arguments, therefore, are Divinely irrefutable; His truths will be expounded in unquestionable terms, with undeniable clarity, with vigorous incisiveness. The world, loyal to self, passion and its prince of darkness, will resist, but illogically; the issue of the trial may be man's obstinacy or man's surrender, but the fault will not be with the Divine prosecutor if man does not yield. Conviction is a matter of intellectual assent. The Advocate will present so powerful a case that reason will be forced to yield. All this bears on the Faith which we have. The case for it is powerfully pleaded in the soul of man. But man's surrender will be quite free; though one may perceive that it is illogical to resist, one may reject the Grace. Christ, then, does not here prophecy the victory of light in every soul, but a sufficient light to lead man to victory.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

When we will go to Holy Mass on the Feast of Pentecost, the altars will be decorated in red, the priest will be clothed in red vestments. It is one of the few feasts on which this liturgical color does not indicate the death of a martyr. Its symbolism is other on this day. It is a reminder to us of the flames of fire which rested above the heads of the Apostles on the fiftieth day after Christ's Resurrection; it is symbolic of the fire of truth and of love which are the sign of the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Love. It recalls to us that the Holy Spirit inflames the heart of man because it fires and enlightens the mind of man with truth eternal and precious.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Following conferences in Washington between United States officials and Professor Charles Rist, economic expert in the French Government, and Frank Ashton-Gwatkin, representing the Chamberlain Cabinet, the State Department issued a statement, declaring that the French and British representatives "have stated that their Governments desire to diminish the inconveniences caused to neutral trade and interests in every practicable way so long as this does not lessen the effect of the contraband control," which the Allies deem necessary in their war effort. The French and British are willing to receive applications "for exemption in respect of categories of goods which afford matter for special consideration and are unobtainable elsewhere than in Germany," the statement said. . . . The Department of Justice announced it had set up a Neutrality Laws Unit. The unit will have exclusive authority over action to be taken in cases where the neutrality laws have been violated. The White House denied that the unit was established as a rebuff to the F.B.I. . . . In urging Congress to oppose President Roosevelt's reorganization plan which would make the now autonomous Civil Aeronautics Authority a bureau of the Department of Commerce, William Green, A. F. of L. President, pointed to the recent twelve months without the loss of a life on commercial air liners and said: "We have only to contrast this splendid record" to support the autonomous Authority "as against the fact that 473 people lost their lives during the period that the Department of Commerce regulated civil flying."

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CONGRESS. The Barden Bill to amend the Wage-Hour Act by exempting from its provisions on minimum wages and maximum hours certain employees connected with the processing of farm products was defeated by the House, 156 to 66, after being loaded down with "killing" amendments. . . . The House overrode, 274 to 82, President Roosevelt's veto of a bill to grant \$7,000,000 in special allowances to Spanish-American War Philippine veterans, but refused to upset his veto of a measure giving increased pensions to 362 widows of Civil War veterans, the vote being 217 for overriding and 143 against. . . . The House Judiciary Committee pigeon-holed the Senate-approved Hatch bill to extend the Hatch "Clean Politics" Bill to State employees wholly or partially paid from Federal funds. . . . The Senate voted to uphold President Roosevelt's order to freeze Norwegian and Danish credits and property in the United States by passing a resolution amending the Trading With the Enemy Act of 1917 and giving Mr. Roosevelt authority to control foreign credits in this country. Amendments to limit the Presidential authority as to the coun-

tries affected and time of operation were defeated. The resolution was sent to the House, which concurred. . . . Before the Dies Committee, Ezra F. Chase, former Communist worker, testified that Harry Bridges, C.I.O. chief, was an active Communist. Reds were placed in aircraft factories to relay information to Moscow, the witness said. Strikes that might lead to revolution were the objectives of Communists in labor unions, he asserted. . . . Mapes Davidson, former National Labor Relations Board trial examiner, told the House Committee investigating the Board that Frank Bloom, its Assistant Chief Trial Examiner, requested him to change a decision in order to favor a C.I.O. union. A letter of Davidson's declared Bloom "became Assistant Chief Trial Examiner by the grace of his fellow Red, Nathan Witt," Secretary of the Board. The letter also asserted David Saposs, chief of the Board's Economic Division, was a Communist. The Labor Board dragged the National Cash Register case along for two and a half years in order to give a C.I.O. union an opportunity to strengthen its organization, other witnesses testified.

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AT HOME. Samuel Harden Church, President of the Carnegie Institute, announced that a Pittsburgh group offered \$1,000,000 in cash to any person or persons who could deliver Adolf Hitler "alive, unwounded and unhurt" to the League of Nations for trial as a disturber of world peace. The feat must be accomplished during May, the announcement said. . . . A suit to remove Bertrand Russell from the faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles on the charge that his doctrines were subversive was dismissed in court. . . . Colonel F. C. Harrington, WPA Commissioner, reported 1,250,000 individuals had left the WPA rolls in the last twelve months, but that many had been compelled to return to the WPA. . . . Harvard University announced that its appointment of Bertrand Russell to a lectureship would stand. . . . Declaring Negroes "cannot afford to add to the handicap of being black the handicap of being Red," A Philip Randolph, President of the National Negro Congress refused re-election. The Congress was believed to be subject to Communist influence.

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WASHINGTON. The Allies Purchasing Board disclosed it has placed orders for \$200,000,000 worth of planes and engines in the United States. . . . The United States Fleet concluded its maneuvers in the Pacific. . . . Under the Walsh-Healey Law which orders contractors on Government work to pay the prevailing wage for the "locality" where the supplies are manufactured, the Department of Labor

issued a decree in the iron and steel industry, effective March 1, 1939, dividing the United States into six "regions" with a minimum wage in each. One region covered more than thirteen States. Corporations in the "Little Steel" group protested that a "locality" signified a small manufacturing area, obtained an injunction in the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. Reversing this injunction, the Supreme Court, with Justice McReynolds alone dissenting, dismissed the "Little Steel" case, ruling that it lacked standing in the court because the wage determination by the Labor Department had not invaded its rights. The Supreme Court did not enter into the question of the Secretary of Labor's powers in the matter of deciding "regions" for basing minimum wage. . . . In an understanding between the Roosevelt and Garner forces, the latter agreed to abandon the "Stop Roosevelt" movement. Garner will get a favorite-son vote from Texas delegates, provided Roosevelt has not already received a majority of Convention votes by the time Texas is reached in the balloting.

WAR. German troops which had fought their way north from the Oslo sector met a Nazi column that had driven south from Trondheim. The Allied forces, defeated along the Dovre railroad, retreated to Andalsnes, embarked, surrendered all of Norway south of Steinkjer to Germany. North of Steinkjer, Norway is largely mountainous wasteland. The German High Command communique declared: "In unresisted pursuit of the wildly retreating English, German troops reached Andalsnes and raised the Reich war flag there at 3 P.M., May 2." Great quantities of British materials were captured by the Reich forces, the communique stated. German troops pushed east from Bergen, made contact with Nazi columns moving west from the Oslo region. . . . In the far northern Narvik sector, Allies and Germans battled for control of the important iron ore port. . . . The London communique stated that "Allied forces which have been carrying out delaying operations south of Trondheim, after repulsing many enemy attacks, have withdrawn . . . and were successfully embarked at Andalsnes and other ports."

GERMANY. Calling in the diplomatic corps representing foreign Governments in Berlin, Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop charged that Britain and France had started movements to invade Norway on April 6 and 7, that the German attack on April 9 was an effort to forestall the Allied maneuver. He displayed to the ambassadors and ministers documents which he alleged were captured from British officers and Norwegian archives, which purported to prove his contention. Norway had aided and abetted the Allied design, Von Ribbentrop asserted, but Sweden had scrupulously maintained its neutrality. The German White Book, containing the alleged documents, made no reference to Denmark. . . . Denying the truth of the German charges, London and Paris pronounced

them ridiculous. Norway also vehemently rejected the veracity of the papers. . . . Chancellor Hitler announced that a state of war exists between Germany and Norway. . . . In expressing his gratitude to the German troops in Norway, Herr Hitler declared the achievement reflected "the highest honor on the daring of the young German armed forces. You have fulfilled the tremendous task which I, in faith in you and your powers, was forced to set for you."

GREAT BRITAIN. In the preliminary talks looking to a trade agreement between Russia and Britain, Moscow asserted it was willing to guarantee that British imports would not be re-shipped to Germany, but would regard export of her own goods to Germany as a private matter. . . . The British Government ordered its merchant ships to avoid the Mediterranean until further notice; "... pronouncements by Italians in responsible positions and the attitude of the Italian press" make precautions concerning British shipping necessary, an official statement said, adding the hope that "circumstances will permit cancelation of the order in the near future." . . . Addressing the House of Commons, Prime Minister Chamberlain declared it was impossible for Britain, previous to the Nazi invasion of Norway, to tell which country the massed German troops intended to attack. He related how the Allied troops in Norway were beset by difficulties because available air fields were in Nazi hands, declared it was impossible to land Allied artillery and tanks in sufficient quantities on account of German superiority in the air. For these reasons, the Allies had decided to "abandon any idea of taking Trondheim from the south" and to "withdraw our troops from that area and transfer them elsewhere." All the British forces were withdrawn from Aandelsnes, "without, as far as I am aware, losing a single man in this operation," Mr. Chamberlain stated. The Prime Minister announced that the Anglo-French fleet had concentrated in the eastern Mediterranean. . . . A Nazi bombing plane, shot down, crashed into an English village in Essex, killed 6, injured 150.

FOOTNOTES. Mohandas K. Gandhi declared he had no "desire to embarrass the British, especially at this time when it is a question of life and death for them." . . . The women of Quebec Province, Canada, were granted the right to vote in Province affairs. They previously had the ballot privilege only in Federal Canadian elections. . . . Count Stephen Csaky, Hungarian Foreign Minister, complained bitterly of treatment of Magyars in German-protected Slovakia. . . . The Russian Militant Godless League criticized the manner in which anti-religious propaganda was carried on in the schools. . . . The Vatican organ, *Osservatore Romano*, was assailed by Roberto Farinacci, anti-clerical Italian Fascist leader. He hinted the paper should be put out of circulation. . . . A thirty-four-year-old Swiss woman was executed as a spy in France.

OUR VITAL INTEREST

NOT long ago Wendell L. Willkie said in a public address that we Americans "have a vital interest in the continuance of the English and the French way of life." Whatever mistakes may have been made by these countries in the past, today at least nothing that they do, or are likely to do, tends directly to the destruction of Christianity and of the civilization which depends upon the Christian creed and morals. We agree with Mr. Willkie, taking his opinion in that sense.

But many of us hope to live to see a day in which, with the rout of the anti-Christian agencies now at work abroad, the peoples of Europe will be permitted to live in peace under governments of their own choosing. As long as the smaller nations are obliged to shape their courses with one eye on the conflicting "interests" of the so-called "Great Powers," Europe will continue to be a cock-pit. Probably the more powerful nations will always claim a degree of control over the weaker nations, just as, in spite of all our modern theories on child-culture, every playground has its larger boys who prey upon the small fry about them. But they need not be encouraged in their attempts to control their neighbors.

Since the war began, the Holy Father has worked tirelessly for the relief of suffering and the return of peace. With his predecessor, Benedict XV, he has been at pains to teach that no lasting peace can be reached unless the combatants are willing to base their respective policies upon charity and justice. "Surely, there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified," Benedict wrote on November 1, 1914. "Let them be tried honestly, and with good will, and let arms be meanwhile laid aside." Nearly three years later, in his *Peace Proposals* (August 1, 1917) he noted with sorrow: "Unfortunately, our appeal was not heeded. . . . We again raise a cry for peace," and offered as the bases of lasting peace "right instead of might, the lessening of armaments, and arbitration." In his Encyclical on Peace (May 23, 1920) he asserted that what the nations had arrived at was only a "comparative peace," for "there can be no stable peace or lasting treaties, though made after long and difficult negotiations, and duly signed, unless there be a return of mutual charity to appease hate and banish enmity." Within a generation after Benedict's death, the lack of mutual charity which the Pontiff so deeply deplored again plunged Europe into war.

We can look forward to another frustration of our hopes for world peace, unless charity and justice control the negotiations after the warring nations have withdrawn their forces from the field of battle. The tremendous sacrifices that have been made to keep the fires of war flaming, and the greater sacrifices that will be demanded in the months to come, may teach the world that no lasting peace can be based upon force. The legitimate rights of all must be respected. That this lesson be learned, is "our vital interest."

EDITOR

PROPAGANDA

OUGHT the Federal Government produce moving-pictures? Or stage plays? Or conduct nation-wide radio programs? These questions arose in the Senate some days ago, and many of the Senators discovered to their astonishment that the Government has been doing these things for years. The Government pundits defend this program as "educational." Senator Taft attacks it on the ground that it is "entirely shameless propaganda." The Senate cut out the appropriations asked for next year. They should be cut out permanently. The danger in propaganda of this kind is obvious.

FORD AND FR

IT is difficult to see what other decision the Supreme Court could have reached, when it declared that the anti-picketing statutes of Alabama and California were unconstitutional. "A contrary conclusion could be used to support abridgement of freedom of speech," wrote Mr. Justice Murphy, in delivering the Court's opinion, "concerning almost every matter of importance to society." Picketing is generally permitted as long as it is carried out in a peaceable manner, and is subject to penalty only when it becomes what is equivalent to disorderly conduct. The Alabama and California statutes seem to have banned all picketing, even when conducted peaceably.

Free speech has been affirmed repeatedly during the last few years by the Supreme Court. The substance of these rulings is expressed by Mr. Justice Murphy in the present case when he writes:

Publicizing the facts of a labor dispute in a peaceful way through appropriate means, whether by pamphlet, by word of mouth, or by banner, must now be regarded as within that liberty of communication which is secured to every person by the Fourteenth Amendment against abridgement by a State.

It should also be noted that the same right is secured against the Federal Government by the First Amendment. This issue lays outside the Alabama and California cases, but it will reach the Supreme Court because of the rulings of the National Labor Relations Board in a case involving the Ford Motor Company. It will then be the duty of the Court to rule on the right of

ILLITERACY

THIS world passes, and "of all that exists on the face of the earth," writes Pius XII, in the Encyclical *On the Unity of Human Society*, "the soul alone has deathless life." The Pontiff was treating of the rights of parents, and of their duty to provide for their children an education fitting them not only for citizenship in this world, but for citizenship in the world to come. It is a duty that is difficult, and few parents can fulfil it without the aid of the Catholic school. What will profit parents or the state to bring up children as religious illiterates? "The soul alone has deathless life."

FREE SPEECH

employers to "publicize the facts of a labor dispute," as these facts appear to them.

The Labor Board has uniformly denied this right to employers. In support of this opinion, the Wagner Act, which forbids any intimidation by employers of wage-earners who wish to join a labor union, is cited. Mr. Ford's opinion of the union is well known, for he has never hesitated to express it. We do not understand him to deny the right of workers in general to unite for collective bargaining; nor has he, as far as we are aware, threatened to penalize any worker for exercising this right. It is his view that no man need belong to a union to secure employment at his factory, and that the Ford worker is better off without a union. The Labor Board has ruled that the expression of this opinion by Mr. Ford constitutes interference, amounting to intimidation, of workers who may wish to form a union.

We here seem to have a conflict between the constitutional right to free speech and the natural right of the worker to join with his fellows for their mutual welfare. The case is further complicated by the necessity of defining what is meant by "intimidation." A natural right is certainly of a higher order than any right which is merely constitutional and, in case of real conflict, must prevail. But is it within the province of the Labor Board to decide with finality that the intimidation complained of in the Ford case constitutes an invasion upon the worker's natural right? That is a question which the Supreme Court must answer.

CARING FOR OUR OWN

LAST week the Postmaster General advised us to stop thinking that only one man could keep us out of war. At first sight, the advice seems engagingly frank; but on the way home, Mr. Farley's hearers must have asked themselves what it meant. Was this Mr. Farley's way of meeting the position, urged rather strongly of late, that our keeping out of war depends on re-electing Mr. Roosevelt? Or did he merely mean to argue that it will take more than one man's work to keep us out of war, once the skilful propaganda that is now afloat, begins to have its effect?

The second meaning seems nearer the truth. The elections next November are the most important the country has had since 1860, and the responsibility resting upon the voter is tremendous and inescapable. We are to choose a President, a new House of Representatives, and one-third of the Senate. We may believe that the country needs four more years of Mr. Roosevelt, or, what is equivalent, Mr. Roosevelt in the White House for life. We may be convinced that what little is left of the "planned government," given us by our fathers in the Federal Constitution, can be saved only by packing every New Dealer out of Washington. In either case, the voter's responsibility remains unchanged.

To begin with Congress, policies referring to domestic government must be considered. Not much has been heard of late of the interests of the American citizen, now at home, and hoping to remain at home. That silence makes our domestic cares of greater concern than ever. Washington, good easy man that he was, believed that if we could keep our home affairs in order, foreign affairs would take care of themselves.

That was not a notion brewed in his study. It was a conclusion reached by practical experience during periods when factions were trying to drag the country into war. One faction urged that we make common cause with France in her war with England, while the other thought we ought to declare war against France. Washington decided to do neither. He never conceived it his duty to police the world, or to balance the welfare of any foreign nation against the welfare of the American people. He believed that this Government would have enough to do in caring for its own concerns.

It now seems fairly plain that the present Congress will take no action on three measures that the country needs. The Hatch bill has slumbered in committee for six weeks in a sleep that is probably the sleep of death. The amendments to the Wagner Act will be debated; but if, by some chance, the Smith amendments are approved, the President will almost certainly veto them. More probably, the Administration agents in Congress will manage to relieve the President of this responsibility by preventing Congress from reaching a decision. Finally, the Logan-Walter bill to curb the growing custom of bureaus and agencies of acting as policeman, judge, jury and executioner, has as much chance of favorable consideration from Congress and the

President, as your venerable grandmother has of flooring Joe Louis with her mighty left.

This is an election year, and Congress is taking no chances of offending by positive action. Congressmen seeking re-election learned long ago that the safest policy is to doze, and to wake up only long enough to collect their paychecks. Yet all these measures are of the highest importance to the country.

In its present form, the Wagner Act satisfies neither employers, nor the A. F. of L. nor the C.I.O. For the practices which the Hatch bill prohibits, no one dares say a good word in public. Everyone who believes that it is unsafe to permit Federal boards to function as courts and legislators, favors the Logan-Walter bill. But Congress will enact none of them, or, if by some accident, one or other is approved, Congress will not stand its ground against the President's veto.

It thus becomes the duty of the people to elect a Congress that will act. Candidates for the House and the Senate should be catechized by the voters, and their views ascertained. An examination of their courage in voting for their opinions should also be undertaken.

As for our foreign relations, while only Congress can declare war, a President determined on entangling us can so manipulate matters that Congress is practically forced to yield. No candidate for the Presidency will admit that this country ought to take part in the European war. His intentions must be judged by his record. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, a President, elected on the platform, "he kept us out of war," saw his country at war six weeks after his inauguration. We suggest that in 1940 candidates be elected on a pledge of making the domestic concerns of this country their first interest. That will put them to useful work, and prevent them from giving too much attention to Europe.

SOBRIETY

IN his fascinating *A Companion to the Summa* the third volume of which has just been published, the Rev. Walter Farrell, O.P., explains Saint Thomas' views on sobriety in the use of intoxicating drinks. He thought sobriety was particularly necessary in young people, in women, in the old, and in those in authority, and he assigns a reason for each of these classes. In the old and in those in authority, reason ought to be "particularly flourishing." As for the young, they are inclined to be exuberant at all times, and women "are so apt to let their heart rule their head."

About old people, those in authority, and women, we need not trouble ourselves. But it will pay rich dividends to preach sobriety to our growing boys and girls. Sober young people will give us sober old people, sober rulers, and sober women. However, it is well to remember that preaching by word is not worth much. The best sermon we can preach about sobriety or any other virtue is preached by example.

TEMPLES OF THE SPIRIT

WE read that the Apostles were hidden away in fear of the Jews on that first Whitsunday when the promise of Jesus was fulfilled, and the Holy Ghost came down upon them. Immediately they were transformed and became as other men, eager to preach the Word of God (Acts, ii, 4) and fearless in facing the enemies of their Master. On that day the great apostolic spirit that has never failed the Church began to manifest itself. The Holy Spirit given unto man had created a new world and a new order.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xiv, 23-31) we find the promise of the coming of "the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name," and Who "will teach you all things." In the souls of the Apostles the Holy Spirit worked to fit them for their special mission, but we must not forget that this same Spirit of love and wisdom is given to every soul at the moment of justification. "If any man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him." This indwelling of God in the soul is common to the Three Divine Persons, but because it is a work of love it is commonly attributed "by appropriation" to the Holy Ghost. As Saint Paul writes: "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. iii, 16.)

Well may we take to ourselves this question of Saint Paul. The Holy Spirit comes to our soul, "Lord and life-giver," as we say in the Nicene Creed, to vivify us by His heavenly favors. But we too often turn away, and grieve the Holy Spirit. We are like those converts who when asked if they had received the Holy Ghost (Acts, xix, 2), replied that they had not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost. For the Spirit will not force us, and the richness of Grace with which He endows us can become as the seed that fell upon stony ground. Yet, He continually seeks us, for He is the spirit of love, proceeding from the infinite love of Father and Son. "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts," writes Saint Paul, "by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." (Rom. v, 5.) When we open the door to Him, this flood of love can make our barren hearts blossom with His gifts and graces. "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmity: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings." (Rom. viii, 26.) Will we open the door to Him?

In the Sequence of the Mass for Whitsunday, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, "Come, Holy Spirit," the Church invokes the Holy Spirit as the Father of the poor, the Giver of gifts, the Light of hearts. We are poor in spiritual riches, because we have neglected the Holy Spirit. Surely we need His Light to keep us on the paths of the supernatural life, and His Gifts to strengthen us as we make our way, falteringly yet steadily, to our heavenly home. Let us not grieve the Holy Spirit, but beg Him to come to us, and enkindle within our hearts the consuming fire of His holy love.

CORRESPONDENCE

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

EDITOR: On April 7, Postmaster-General James A. Farley journeyed to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama to issue the first of the Booker T. Washington commemorative stamps. The first-day sales for this stamp, which is the first United States postage stamp to commemorate the life of a Negro, surpassed all previous first-day records of any stamp of the ten-cent denomination.

Booker T. Washington is not the only one to be honored by this stamp. The colored race in America, whose most prominent member he was, is also honored. But not least is the honor which accrues to our country in the recognition which it has bestowed on merit truly earned and on self-sacrifice generously given by a man whose life would bring honor to any nation and who delighted in being a citizen of these United States.

As Catholics we can most rightfully join in this honor to the Negro race, for Catholics have been laboring for the welfare of the Negro since his advent to this country. This national recognition of Booker T. Washington's devotedness to his country should be an encouragement to us and to all who are friends of the colored race. It is a proof of his insight when he said that "merit, no matter under what skin found, is, in the long run, recognized and rewarded."

Woodstock, Md.

JOSEPH O'DONOVAN

GAELS

EDITOR: As an Englishman married to a completely Irish wife, I enjoyed Leonard Feeney's article (AMERICA, March 30) very much. The two peoples are one hundred per cent incompatible. And the individuals among them are one hundred per cent complementary.

But the two categories are a bit arbitrary. I think that it is just as reasonable to say that the Irish is the sentimental and the English the emotional race. For sentiment is founded on reason and emotion on the feelings. And the Irish are far more reasonable and unfeeling than we are.

In granting the Irish wit and the English humor our author gives away his case. For wit springs from reason, humor from emotion.

The Irish have a clearer historic sense, a more enduring purpose than the English, partly, no doubt, because they have been an oppressed people, but mainly, I think, because they depend upon reason and we upon emotion. That is why they have such confoundedly long memories and that is why they can hate. And that, alas, is why we English have no yesterday and forget this morning who last night was our foe—or our friend.

It is news to me that we English make good soldiers because we have superior officers. The old

gag about England—repeated by Bernard Shaw in *The Man of Destiny*—was that we produced the best soldiers and the worst officers.

A difference between the Irish and the English in the way they react to warfare is that the Irish love fighting and the English regard it as a disagreeable necessity.

Leonard Feeney must not believe that the English ever willed anything so definitely as to want their country "multiplied and spread over the whole earth." Most of our colonies, including the American ones, were founded by people who left their country for their country's good. The British Empire happened by accident, and it was Disraeli who suddenly noticed that it was an empire, and turned our nice little patriotism into a nasty big imperialism.

The tragedy of the Irish is that they know themselves and the tragedy of the English is that they do not. That is why the Irish cannot stand a joke at their expense and we roar when we see or hear an Englishman being made fun of.

Chesterton, who had enough alien blood to see us from the outside, said that we are a kindly race. Are we? I don't know. G. K. C. said the best thing ever about the Irish—in the *Ballad of the White Horse*:

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad.

This, I think, gives a complete picture of a nation of rational sentimentalists.

London, England.

W. R. TITTERTON

PAGE 28

EDITOR: I learn much and enjoy everything I read in AMERICA, but for hitting the nail on the head nothing has approached the grand satire on page 28 in your issue of April 13.

I am sending copies to several friends who still labor under the queer idea that the "Great Woman" was elected by the people when her husband was elected.

New York, N. Y.

W. C.

OVER THERE

EDITOR: Congratulations from across the sea on Roger Shaw's *Eire: the Land of True Tolerance*; Leonard Feeney's *Irish Adore You*; *English Are Fond of You*, and John E. Kelly's *1st Dies Nicht Ein Cockeyed War!*

Knowing intimately all the situations described by these authors, I salute them as frank, factual, and literature. And how I loved that editorial crack at orators who drop their voices at the end of—

In the War Zone

GAULT MACGOWAN

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE PASSING OF CHARLES DU BOS

PAULE SIMON

IT has been years since first we saw something of the depth and the sensitivity of Charles DuBos through his written words. And for many years we knew the high respect in which his name was held. But it was at the University of Notre Dame, where we joined him in September, 1938, and where he was teaching English Literature, that we came fully to know Charles DuBos as a great writer and as a great spirit.

During that school-year his health was continually subjected to grave and mysterious attacks; but we saw him always serene and calm, with a kind of majesty almost unknown to our generation. In April, 1937, he had written some pages *On Physical Suffering*, in which he expressed his resolution to keep, despite his great affliction, a serenity that would help "the gates of salvation to stand open for everyone, as widely as possible." One day, when he was our guest for the last time, he told us how anxious he was to have full consciousness during his last moments, so that he might experience to the full the significance of death.

When he returned to Paris in the early part of June, 1939, he did not know that those last moments were so near. From the windows of his apartment in the Ile Saint Louis, he saw again the Seine and its quays. He saw again the surroundings of his youth, and, over it all, Notre Dame de Paris, the quiet towers whose great past had impregnated his own past. Here artists, intellectuals, men of letters had come from all parts of Europe. To each new acquaintance he gave a real and life-long friendship and the right to draw upon him for sympathetic and conscientious advice. He knew that, in every man of letters, endowed with genius or not, the fulfilment of the human destiny is bound with that of the literary task. The way he greeted writers showed how deeply he was aware of the human implications of the writer's calling. Silently, thoughtfully, he would regard his visitor: understanding, for Charles DuBos, was through sympathy in the literal sense of the word; and his knowledge, finally, was direct and to the very heart of the artist. His constant concern was the literary problem in its ultimate exigency.

Unexpectedly enough, the thrilling element of Greek tragedy is to be recognized in his critical work. The tragical thrill, such as it was conceived

by the Greeks, does not result mainly from an accumulation of catastrophes nor from an uncontrolled despair in a cold metaphysical environment, but rather from the picture of human destiny as a conflict between the responsibility of men and metaphysical necessities. At one time or another, everyone has perceived his destiny under these conditions: this is why the emotion provoked by the Greek drama is an emotion of similitude. For the literary artist this realization is constantly, permanently evoked by Beauty. Beauty justifies the work of art, but it does not justify the artist. Nevertheless, Beauty is for him what Beatrice was for Dante: a guide through the terrestrial and infraterrestrial regions.

Since he fully perceived the amplitude of a destiny which is at once artistic (and God-given), Charles DuBos did not content himself with the discriminatory functions of the critic. He ceaselessly endeavored to penetrate into the mystery of the literary destiny by concentrating upon it every light which could possibly be taken from the lives of the great artists. It has been said of him that he was "an admirable connoisseur of the Mind." His very person, indeed, enabled us to understand new aspects of the spiritual life. The way he used his gift of intuition represented a living metaphysics of intuition.

The first evidence of the gift of intuition in an artist is the ceaseless sensibility of a psychical element in which every kind of resonance may be caught sympathetically. Such a sensibility was always awake and active in DuBos. This intimate instrument of intuition demands for its perfection a certain sharpening, as it were. Now, most often it occurs that, because of an ignorance of the true nature of this instrument and because of an impetuous individualism, one wounds one's soul in the endeavor to sharpen its power of intuition. DuBos preserved himself against such a deformation. His refinement was attained by his attending not only to the use of intuition, but also and mainly to its ontological nature; and this is precisely why his intuition led him to splendid achievement.

The concrete manifestations of intuition are perceived more directly than its true nature. Like a fisherman excited over a catch, the intuitionist suddenly holds up in the sunlight a shining prize. The

temptation is great to lose sight of the long waiting which preceded the catch, to mistake intuition for a rapid process; whereas, on closer examination, it seems, rather, to belong to a realm outside time. Now, if practised empirically, intuition soon proves deceptive and treacherous. This is possibly the reason why artists are traditionally unhappy: they are victimized by an intuition which they do not master because they do not understand its nature. Critics, on the other hand, are prone to explain intuition in an idealistic or materialistic way, by identifying the soul or a part of the soul with the exterior world.

In the midst of these possibilities the endeavor of Charles DuBos was of a singular character. For him, intuition, although free in its expression, was submitted to the exigencies of the intellectual, sensible and ethical reality, and enjoyed a fundamental steadiness because of its root in the substance of the spirit. In such a conception, exterior contingencies, far from dominating the exercise of intuition, are but the stimuli of a psychical faculty naturally meant to agree with the reality of things.

We are now able to realize that the proper plane on which DuBos' criticism was situated was that of humanism. What we have in mind is not only the French Humanism to which he might have been attached by tradition, or the Latin and Greek Humanism; but what we understand as the humanism of DuBos is something so profound and fundamental that no civilization is possible without it. This humanism relates man to substances and essences, to the whole universe of truth. From such a humanistic point of view, the interest of a work of art lies not so much in its material construction as in its proper, artistic specifications, the metaphysical reasons of which are found both in the work and in the artist.

Accordingly, it is of a greater importance to search, as DuBos did, for the affection which unites the poet with essences, for the approach, ethereal or crude, by which the artist meets reality, than to know what theory of grammar and what hidden events underlie the work of art. As it often has been said, to consider everything from a mechanistic point of view is to endanger civilization: the human world can be grateful for the civilizing soul of Charles DuBos.

His humanistic criticism enabled him to go beyond the literary domain and to illumine the problems faced by society today. These problems, because they are unique in all history, present a grave enigma. Now, the spiritual adventures of men of genius, recorded in the great masterpieces, can tell us something of the adventures possible to society. His conception of criticism allowed DuBos to bring to the history of society his deep understanding of the life of the spirit.

Daily occurrences, however insignificant they might appear, contained for him some message of truth. And when he was confronted by death, he wished to accept it with words similar to those of Shelley's:

What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less?

Now, DuBos was a Christian; and his humility bade him to wait upon the fulfilment of revelation. Death was to him the threshold of the complete knowledge.

The many friends who assisted at his burial in La-Celle-Saint-Cloud were consoled with the feeling that soon his work will receive its full and deserved estimate. In Parisian newspapers, Mauriac and Maurois lauded their friend as "one of the greatest critics of all time," and the French literary press gave unanimous expression to great eulogy and regret.

The American public will find the last testimony of Charles DuBos in the recent publication of the only book he ever wrote in the English language, *What is Literature?* Meanwhile, Madame DuBos is engaged in editing the unpublished parts of his *Journal*. Thus five or six volumes are to be added to a work already distinguished by *Le Dialogue avec André Gide*, *Byron et le besoin de la Fatalité*, *François Mauriac et le problème du Romancier catholique*, and the seven volumes of *Approximations*.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SATIRE!

PAUL J. PHELAN

SATIRE is a literary *persona non grata* to some people. They believe that as the pun is the lowest form of "English Wit" so satire is the lowest form of "English Lit." The main objection against satire is that its use destroys its purpose. In other words it is said that sarcasm, irony and ridicule antagonize the very people whom they are meant to persuade. Let us examine this statement.

Against whom is satire directed? It is plainly directed not at people at all, but rather at foolishness and vice. This distinction is not a quibble, any more than the distinction between the sinner and the sinner. The true satirist never descends to the level of mere personal invective. He is interested not in persons but in principles.

Practically speaking, however, satire must be directed at someone who possesses a quality. If the quality itself is the only thing ridiculed, men may easily pass it off. In its abstract form, evil or folly is easy to forget, and easy to forgive. The medieval dramatist showed evil as a *person* in order to get his message over to his audience with vitality. The satirist shows a *person* as evil in order to get his message over.

This leads us to another question. Whom does the satirist antagonize? The satirist presupposes that the vice or error he is attacking is the obsession, to a dangerous degree, of only a small part of the commonwealth. Those who are antagonized by the satirist are individuals or small groups in the state obsessed with silly, vain, or perverted ideas.

And here we come to the next question, whom does the satirist wish to persuade? Not primarily, the small, erring group, for usually they are inveterate and extreme supporters of evil. The satirist aims to persuade the vast majority of other people to shun these extremities.

THE OLD WOMAN OF MEATH

I would give two shilling this day for a happiness-maker,
For a poet with something more in his pack than snivel-
ing tears.

"O the sad life," he cries. Sure, 'tis sad, but 'tis only a
journey,
And what does he give to the heart but trouble and
fears?
And what does he give to the young but a dread of the
years?

'Tis no wonder the young do be off in the search of a
fiddler,
And myself would go, too, if the years did not hold me
in thrall.

So I sit on my stoop and bedevil the poet: "A sad life,
is it,
With love, and the childer around, and the Fair in the
fall—
And heaven set like a jewel at the end of it all?"

JESSICA POWERS.

Prisms of melted snow) and nobody knew her
And I never saw her again.

Headlines hurled themselves: neon burned
Deep into black sky, black rain: men looked up,
The pale million faces underwater, the eyes
Undead: and I not able to speak or move.
The word unformed, the question unstated, and
Wordlessly the rain
Resolving all things to anonymous rain.

(Is this the man?

Yes.

You're sure?

Yes. I'm sure.)

Twist and plunge of streets,
Curve of the lost world behind me,
Faces faded, mockery of mislaid names on
Tombstones among tall grass.
Streets and faces and this the street, the house,
And this the hour.

Black rivers in the earth, countries of
Night, torrent inarticulate in
The gloved hand, the collared throat:
Witness

Myself in the cracked mirror smiling tentatively:
The dumb great earth aware, and the dial trembling.

YOUR WEIGHT AND YOUR FORTUNE—1

Be judged, mysterious blood, night waters pounding
Against dark shores, secret of waiting jungle:
Be judged, remembrance of deep light, lost stars,
Compression of kept violence.

Be measured now,
Knowledge of bird and white moon, girl's hair:
Wisdom of snow, and the summer, lips under leaves,
Low voices at night in Lugano.

Wheels sang down

Hills.

Austria was flowers and white fences:
One wild afternoon Tintoretto, sudden bright storms:
Giotto, clean pierce.

The rest is forgotten now.

Weigh the heart too. Find the simple small song:
Hands on black keys: candles: or bright
Impalpable thread of slow music unwound from dark
Violins, thin spiral, dream. Find the loved
Words: Hopkins, white blinding burst: Yeats
Great and alone.

(—Name the grave mouth—Thy face
Is as a river with lights—Always before
Your voice my soul half-beautiful—Be still
While the music rises about us, the deep enchantment—)
Accounted now all these and the crude boy hearing
In the strange great diphthongs Apollo's bow.

The girl in the crowded train was weeping softly
And it was Christmas (dark windows glistened with
spilled

— — —
Your letter like a caught bird this morning, my hand
Quieting the flutter in the wind, while I came
Reading: the small words bright and alive in this land,
And the writing proud, untame.

All day I drew from it till my closed eyes noted
Each line and curve now made forever plain,
The slight news, and my name just as you wrote it:
And as no one will write it again.

HENRY RAGO.

THE CLOUD

Song should come promptly when the eye beholds
A Himalaya floating off in folds,
In sun-proof vales of wayward plume-like lather—
Song should be swift the gist of that to gather,
Have fixed in snow-flame phrases and dispensed
This continent of quiet uncondensed,
Ere the explosion into forks of fire,
The crash and downpour of a frail empire,
Whose trickling ruins the minnow shall be fond of
Soon, and paper boats sail on the pond of.

LEONARD FEENEY.

BOOKS

REWELDING OF BRITISH-FRENCH AXIS

BRITAIN AND FRANCE BETWEEN TWO WARS. By Arnold Wolfers. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.75

THE British-French axis calls for a goodly volume in modern history. The two "democracies" fought shoulder to shoulder in 1914 as they are fighting to preserve their empires today. But during the twenty years' truce between the wars, their mutual love was chilled and often strained. It was not sentiment nor a common ideology that held them together. Rather it was a very practical sense of the value of mutual support in the pursuit of national interests. An aggressive Germany drives them into a closer union. But when the enemy was weak their need of one another was not so clear.

In their peace-time relations more is explained by geographical differences than by any other factor. Even when Germany was prostrate France was obsessed by the fear of future attack. It was only when a threatened mastery of the air brought the reality of war to the heart of London that Englishmen began to comprehend *sécurité*. A nervous apprehension marked the "selfish" striving of France for control of the Rhine and for diplomatic influence among the smaller states on Germany's eastern flank, while England, more aloof from the danger, could magnanimously work for appeasement, economic restoration and a *pax Britannica*.

For France the Versailles treaty left Germany still potentially a giant power. Frenchmen knew that their map of Europe was artificial and unstable, but they had reasons deeper than mere chauvinism for making it permanent. With seventy million Germans so near the frontier they could not share the English idea of balance of power, conciliation and progressive regulation. At present the instinct of self-preservation has pulled Britain and France into a union firmer than ever before.

Professor Wolfers was born in neutral Switzerland. The Berlin *Hochschule für Politik* was the scene of his early academic career. He is now at Yale. To his writing he brings the competence and calm objectivity one would expect. His copious use of direct quotation no less than his long list of documentary sources imparts a scholarly tone to his narrative. He has given us a dispassionate analysis of two decades of tangled politics and diplomacy.

The reader might or might not be more interested in this story of a futile attempt to keep the peace in Europe if he did not know the end. For the historian there is the satisfaction of reviewing events and forces which definitely belong to the past. Others of a more pragmatic and practical turn of mind will prefer to look into the future and speculate on the possibility of applying the lessons learned to the rebuilding of Europe after the present tragic folly has spent itself. They may see salvation in a restored balance of power, in a Napoleonic hegemony of a single dominant nation or, if they are incurable optimists, in a new United States of Europe.

The author does no moralizing. His task is to set before the reader the situation as it is. But I feel that he glides too lightly over the most fundamental problem of all. Not the international politics of Britain and France, of Germany, Italy and Russia with their seemingly hopeless drift toward destruction, but the absence of a wholesome philosophy and the ignoring all theology is the deepest-lying cause of Europe's madness. Justice and law the author mentions, casually as it were and only to inform us that these are purely subjective concepts. Is it too much to hope that the hard road of suffering may yet lead to sanity?

RAYMOND CORRIGAN



Presenting . . .

the strangely beautiful and timely story of the Church's newest saint . . .

ST. GEMMA GALGANI

By the
Rt. Rev. LEO PROSERPIO, S.J.

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SURVEY OF THE PRESENT FRENCH SCENE

THESE RULE FRANCE. By Stanton B. Leeds. Bobbs-
Merrill Co. \$3

WHEN the Popular Front won the 1936 election, Da-
ladier smiled happily while the Internationale was sung
and raised his clenched fist in the Internationalist salute.
He worked with the Blum crowd as Minister of National
Defense. He subsequently became an apostle of national-
ism, fought for army interests, and emphasized a policy
of sparing men and producing them which the monarchy
had pursued successfully for many years. Mr. Leeds re-
gards Daladier as another Henry of Navarre, a civilian
Napoleon, the savior of France.

Mr. Leeds then deals with other leading politicians of
the past quarter of a century—Clémenceau, Herriot, Tar-
dieu, Laval, Chautemps, Reynaud; with such thinkers,
writers and artists as Cardinal Baudrillard, Siegfried,
Paul Valéry and Sacha Guitry; with financiers whose
sole purpose in life was to make more money and
corrupt the electorate; with publicists who all too fre-
quently sold out either to the Government or to special
interests; with such generals as Pétain and Gamelin, and
such sea-dogs as Admiral Darlan. All these men have
occupied, or occupy to-day, key positions in France. The
common people have been so frequently and so shame-
fully betrayed by inept republican governments that one
readily understands Mr. Leeds' nostalgia for kingship.

The Hoosier author of this realistic survey of the con-
temporary French scene has lived for sixteen years in
France, is well acquainted with French history, and has
first-hand acquaintance with those personalities who
mold public opinion and direct national policy. He sets
down a good many rumors, whispers and speculations.
His readers will probably disagree with some of his per-
sonal judgments on men and events. The main outlines
of the story, however, are incontestable—and it is not a
pleasant story. Mr. Leeds handles it competently, with
tact and restraint, if not always with that perfect prop-
riety that is characteristic of the best journalism.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

PANTHEISM, PURE AND UNADULTERATED

CIVILIZATION IN EAST AND WEST. By H. N. Spalding.
Oxford University Press. \$4.25

"THE Book," writes its author, "is the child of talks
rather than of books. Bright-witted friends have made
it. The color of their skins has differed, and so has the
color of their thoughts. Men in the prime of life—nin-
teen and twenty—have imparted dewy wisdom."

While Mr. H. G. Wells preaches Materialism, yet
creates new worlds, Mr. H. N. Spalding despises
Materialism in all its continental manifestations, but not
to the extent of including within his Credo God the
Creator. "Darwin," says he in a subordinate clause and
with an air of finality, "knocked out the doctrine of the
creation of man by God." The mantle the author assumes
is that of prophet, "to survey the past and to surmise
the future."

What is his philosophy? Beginning with the ascent of
man from *homo sapiens* in the first chapter, and con-
fidently assuming that this monkey business is a *fait
accompli* rather than a frail hypothesis, he ends with
"The Coming of the Kingdom," when all the world, he
hopes, will be "a happy family or an Oxford College."
In the evolution of man's mind he discovers four dif-
ferent stages, to each of which he devotes a chapter.

There is "The Materialist State" and into this he
thrusts the Jesuits. Dusting off a hoary eleventh edition
of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he rakes up the old

myths and calumnies and then, for good measure, he cites a ringing period from Hassall, *The Balance of Power*. "As confessors of kings, as instructors of the young, as the conquerors of Empires and the founders of colonies, the Jesuits thought the world belonged to them and that their supremacy would last forever."

In "The Moral State," he places the Chinese and the Nordics. Here is to be found a eulogy of British virtue not unworthy of the pen of a Macaulay. Inevitably, one seeks and finds the two thoroughly British metaphors that must never be omitted from the ritual for such occasions. "To play the game," he writes, "and in particular 'to play cricket', sums up the duty of the Englishman."

Into "The Moral-Spiritual State" file Jew, Moslem, Catholic, and in that order, since Judaism is considered by the author to smack more of this world than Islam. Finally, in "The Spiritual State" Ivan is still neighbor to the poor Hindu; Orthodoxy meets Buddhism and Hinduism; Christianity rubs elbows with Pantheism. Environment is strongly suggested as the determining factor to explain why the Indian and the Russian are so given to contemplation. Incidentally, Nordics and Chinese are judged to be not naturally religious.

Upon the author's philosophy it is difficult to place a label. He does appear to have been influenced by Plotinus, who taught a spiritual Pantheism. He writes: "The separate existence of the reasoning self is thus inconsistent with the God Whom it conceives. Accordingly, in a super-rational experience the self must lose its distinction from God and, dying to itself, become a Self That realizes that It is not distinct from Him, but His Very Self." This is the very ecstasy of Pantheism, and who shall comprehend It? None but the initiate can make a God of himself.

To the author, Jesus is no more God than the next man, but only one of the prophets of the Kingdom, whom he mentions along with Plato and Gotama. His hope that a better world will emerge out of the present chaos is not based on any postulate of history. In fact, he discovers no law of evolution to guarantee "uninterrupted progress." The preface of this book opens with a sad and haunting lament. "Our religions have broken down," mourns the author. Not so, the Catholic Church. Trial does but strengthen Her.

GEORGE T. EBERLE.

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION. By Hermann Rauschning.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75

IT HAPPENS with discouraging frequency. An author produces a best-seller, then in his eagerness or in his publisher's eagerness to cash in on the current acclaim, he puts his signature to a book that must be classed, according to its merits, as high-grade or low-grade drivel. *The Voice of Destruction* is distinctly low-grade.

The Revolution of Nihilism was a carefully, calmly written book. Either because of the author's own heaviness of style or because of the inflexibility of the translation, it was difficult reading; but the concentration required to comprehend found its reward in a very analytical appraisal of the material and psychological methods, origins and aims of the Nazi form of revolution. *The Voice of Destruction* is an almost breezily journalistic retrospect of supposedly actual conversations with Hitler. For vividness of style and ease of presentation, it is so far superior to the previous volume.

The content of this second production, however, more than counterbalances the improvement in style. In place of the authoritative study of Nazism, we are treated to a very banal, unoriginal, unconvincing portrayal of the High Priest of Nazism. It is the Hitler of the cartoons and the caricatures, a portrait that could have been painted by the most ignorant Soviet artist—before the Alliance. There is not the slightest effort to explain Hitler's power, his grip on people. As history, it is of indeterminable value. As a study of the combination of madman and genius that Hitler undoubtedly is, it is disappointing. As propaganda it is in a class with the Belgian atrocity stories of the last war.

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Far from enhancing the author's well-merited prestige, it leaves the reader wondering how Hermann Rauschnig could have served for years such a leader as this book portrays. From the very first conversation in the book it is evident to the least discerning that Hitler is a mad, dangerous, incompetent, laughable, irritating fool; that those close to him are and were brutal, cynical, selfish parasites. How could Hermann Rauschnig have joined such a group and seen in Hitler and Nazism the salvation of Germany? Perhaps some more carefully written future volume will explain this mystery of Hitler's rise to power and the appeal of Nazism to the German people.

JOHN P. DELANEY

THE GROWTH OF LITERATURE. By H. Munro Chadwick and N. Kershaw Chadwick. Vol. III. The Macmillan Co. \$9

THIS is the third in a series of volumes on *The Growth of Literature* by the same authors. Volume I was devoted to a study of the development of the Ancient Literatures of Europe. Volume II was given to a study of the growth of Russian Oral Literature, Yugoslav Oral Poetry, Early Indian Literature and Early Hebrew Literature. The present book is a study of the Oral Literature of the Tatars, the Oral Literature of Polynesia, and the Oral Literature of five African Tribes.

This book is obviously for the specialist, but the style and manner of writing inspire confidence even in the ordinary reader. Some of the general principles that operate in the growth of literature are most interesting. Where literature is oral, good poetry abounds, but poor prose. The prose literature of a people without books is chiefly devoted to narratives and laws. Drama flourishes best when it is made part of the tribal ritual. The dependence, sometimes total, of oral literature on religion is striking. Likewise, in oral poetry, there occur such interesting divisions as "the poetry of celebration" versus "the poetry of entertainment."

Books like this inspire confidence in the essential grandeur of man, and in the ability of the living spirit to exercise itself in thought and art, no matter at what level of civilization it is placed. They are so much more valuable than the guess-work studies of evolutionists, picking at a few dead bones fossilized in an iceberg.

LEONARD FEENEY

MARGARET FULLER. By Mason Wade. The Viking Press. \$3.50

IN Emerson's journal under July, 1850, occurs this notice: "On Friday, July 19, Margaret dies on rocks of Fire Island Beach within sight of and within sixty yards of the shore. To the last her country proves inhospitable to her; brave, eloquent, subtle, accomplished, devoted, constant soul! She had a wonderful power of inspiring confidence and drawing out of people their last secret. I have lost in her my audience."

Mason Wade has written the life of this remarkable New England woman with an interest and penetration which holds the reader from the beginning to the end. Not only are the events of her life briefly and pointedly described, but their influence on the molding of her character is studied. The biography is an important contribution to the history of thought of an important period in American letters and philosophy. For Margaret Fuller was a Transcendentalist; she was an author; she philosophized about the rights of women and the rights of the poor, and eventually about the rights of Mazzini's and Garibaldi's Italians. She was a woman of tremendous force of character, unlovable at first to many, but eventually their magnet.

In the author's contention her ardent character was only eventually molded through marriage; true, but there seems that a final crown would have rested on her head, could her penetrating spirit have been more sympathetically brought into relation with the Catholic Faith. It would have trimmed her ardors, corrected her watery philosophy, and saved her from missteps. Her life illustrates in not a little way how far from New England Calvinism one may travel and yet retain its spirit.

J. CRAGMYR

A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOKCASE

JAMES P. WARBURG'S *Peace in Our Time?* (Harpers, 75c) deals in futures. That is, he contemplates the possible outcome of the war in Europe, or rather, three possible outcomes of that war. Mr. Warburg asks the right questions, and puts the hard ones first. And having no axe of his own to grind, what he says calls for serious attention.

With an Introduction by Mayor LaGuardia, *How Government Regulates Business* (Dynamic America Press, \$2) consists of fourteen radio addresses given in New York by business executives. The talks were for the general public, and suited to the popular intellect.

Books That Changed Our Minds, edited by Malcolm Cowley and Bernard Smith (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is both a symposium and a sort of super-digest in literary criticism. Probably nobody will agree with all that all the contributors have to say, but the collection gives a fair representation of what the best minds are thinking, and how.

Gilbert Frankau has done *Self-Portrait. A Novel of His Own Life* (Dutton, \$2.50), which seems to explain why certain of his novels were written, and what happened to the reticences. Apart from that, the purpose of the book is wrapped in mystery.

How nasty Nazism can be is graphically expressed by Lion Feuchtwanger in *Paris Gazette* (Viking, \$3). The tale is concerned with German exiles in Paris, refugees from National Socialism. It is a fine piece of writing, excellently translated, and honestly done, without any artificial striving after effect. As to the naziness of the Nazis, Feuchtwanger does not overload the traffic.

For style and characterization *There Are Brothers*, by Fanny Heaslip Lea (Dodd, Mead, \$2), ranks high. But the personalities involved are not over likeable, and the tale drags a somewhat dreary way amid the complications that beset a dreary family in a small New England town.

Thus *Doctor Mallory*, by Elizabeth Seifert (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), interests itself in the struggles of an orphan boy whose ambition is to become a doctor. He has a sister, whose addiction is social climbing. Altogether a well told story, with a proper regard for the moralities.

Dorothy L. Sayers, in *In the Teeth of the Evidence* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), has done a collection of detective stories, seventeen in all, distinguished for variety in plot and handling. Some are humorous and some are serious. But all are quite excellently done, and well worth reading.

The Keepers of the House, by Harry Harrison Kroll (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), tells the story of a Mississippi plantation from 1837 to the fall of Vicksburg. Somewhat grim in atmosphere, there is well balanced writing, though on occasion the characters are given to expressing themselves with decided coarseness.

Everton, Illinois, from 1861 to 1893 is the background for Harold Sinclair's *The Years of Growth* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75). Important and minute events and persons come into the narrative, with the most interesting figure a Lincoln appointee to the Supreme Court.

Wallace Stegner is author of *On a Darkling Plain* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2), an excellently done description of life lived by a Danish immigrant family on a Canadian homestead after the Great War. There are some pages that the author could have omitted with no great loss to the tale.

In *Let the People Sing* (Harpers, \$2.50), J. B. Priestley has not troubled himself so much with plot as with his characters, who are a good crowd in the main. So that the hero is a cheerful sort of person, and cheerfulness seems to be the main thing in the background. This may not be Mr. Priestley at his best, but at least he has embarked upon the laudable task of turning away from the grim and sordid.

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MORNING STAR. The most interesting event of the past month on the Broadway stage is that Molly Picon has at last reached it. She has not only reached it but she is there to stay—if not in her present play, *Morning Star*, written by Sylvia Regan and produced by George Kondolf at the Longacre Theatre, then in other and better plays.

Not that there is nothing good to be said for *Morning Star*. I am inclined to think it is an excellent vehicle for Miss Picon's first English-speaking star rôle. It is set in the lower East Side of New York, where Miss Picon was born and reared; it makes her the head of a Jewish family of contrasting types; and it gives her numerous opportunities to do some extremely good acting, every one of which she grasps.

This is not saying that Miss Picon "emotes" all over the stage. Quite the contrary. Her acting is amazingly quiet, natural and repressed, even in her most tragic scenes—and she has several of these. But the depths of emotion little Mollie Picon can suggest in those quiet scenes will not soon be forgotten by her audiences. On reflection, I doubt whether a Jewish family such as the Feldermans would be as repressed in both comedy and tragedy as they are in *Morning Star*. But no such question obtruded itself as I watched and listened to them on the stage; and that, of course, is the answer.

They are living characters, talking and acting as those particular characters would talk or act in life. Their gayety is spontaneous, contagious and amazingly natural, but it is never hysterical. Their grief and shock, when they occur, daze them, stun them, but never send them spinning around the stage in "big scenes." They are from start to finish a real family, living real lives before us, experiencing pleasure, pain, joy, tragedy, and reacting to them all as the Feldermans would react in those situations. In other words, they act, as far as each of them can, as Molly Picon acts; and the result as a whole is one of the most finished performances on this season's stage.

The story of the play can be told in a paragraph. Becky Felderman (Miss Picon) is a widow, and the mother of four children—Fanny, Esther, Sadie and Hymie—all adolescents when the play begins, and developing before our eyes in the twenty years of its progress. The first tragedy is Esther's death in the Triangle fire, the day before her marriage was to take place. The second is the death of Hymie, by that time a young soldier in the first World War. The third is the deterioration of the character of Sadie, into a ruthless, greedy, unscrupulous woman, who finally ruins the husband she loves as much as she could love anyone.

At the end of the play, Mother Felderman is left alone, to find such comfort as she can in a late union with the faithful lover who has waited for her for years. His part, by the way, is beautifully played by Joseph Buloff—but I have already mentioned that all the parts are beautifully played—Esther's by Cecilia Evans, Hymie's by Kenneth LeRoy, Fanny's by Jeanne Greene, the ruthless Sadie's by Ruth Yorke, Harry Engels by Martin Blaine. Last, but far from least, Georgette Harvey plays to perfection her familiar rôle of a colored maid, in a final scene with Molly Picon.

HEAVENLY EXPRESS. To the drama-lover, *Heavenly Express*, written by Albert Bein and produced by Kermit Bloomgarten at the National Theatre, was one of those productions that reduce a fine company to impotence. Beautifully acted, beautifully directed, the play itself was a hotch potch. Not even John Garfield, Aline MacMahon, Harry Carey, Philip Loeb, Russell Collins or Art Smith could put real life into it. They all tried gallantly.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

FILMS

ONE MILLION, B.C. This is an exposition of the sort of *papier-mâché* paleontology which science popularizers have cultivated since the dragnet went out for the Missing Link. Here of course it is presented in the terms of vigorous melodrama going back beyond history for its setting, and it can offend only the pundits that the plot is supposedly derived from those precious scientific treasures, hieroglyphics on the walls of a cave. If the translation is a bit free, it is at least as amusing as *The Outline of History*. When a prehistoric male meets a less barbarous female, he brings her home as a civilizing influence on his own people. Later, the rough diamonds prove some social law by having to rid their refined neighbors of an unbelievable monster. The best item in the mammoth production is the photography, many of the effects being remarkable from the purely visual standpoint. The inevitable clash of monsters is recorded along with a stirring volcanic eruption. As for the cast, it is new and suitably crude, with Victor Mature, Carole Landis and Lon Chaney, Jr., carrying the brunt of the action. Evolutionists will not like the fact that the hero looks more like a Hollywood juvenile than the Piltdown Man, but Hal Roach has made the scene primitive enough otherwise. For those who like their imagination rampant and a *bit on the strong side*, this will provide fantastic entertainment. (*United Artists*)

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE. The only thing new about this brittle comedy is the title, and even that is derived from a nursery rhyme. Further investigation of the plot leaves the impression that the whole picture has misjudged its mental level, and the central situation has been used so often it is now impossible to discover who filched it first. It is the usual bland treatment of a scandal that does not come off, as a lady novelist who sings the praises of living alone is forced into a pretense of marriage with an anti-feminist doctor. After the most has been made of this complication in the way of suggestive laughter, the high-minded scenario calls for a real marriage. Alexander Hall's direction points up the *risqué* consistently, and the fact that innocence prevails is a mere saving detail. This sort of leering circumspection is becoming a standard trick with marital farces to avoid the regulatory machinery of the Production Code, but audiences can solve the problem by insisting on the spirit as well as the letter of that document. Loretta Young, Ray Milland, Edmund Gwenn and Gail Patrick are necessarily superficial in rôles subordinated to situation and dialog of a feeble character. (*Columbia*)

THE BISCUIT EATER. There is a simple earnestness about this film which delivers it from excessive sentimentality, even though it deals with the boy-and-his-dog theme. The lad, whose father breeds thoroughbreds for a wealthy owner, develops a supposedly worthless runt into a near champion. He sacrifices his dog's chances in a competitive hunt to save his father's job. There is a trying lapse at the end as the dog is accidentally killed, but Stuart Heisler's compromise between the play on sympathy and the universal interest in dogs brings the film sustained appeal. Billie Lee and Cordell Hickman add merit to this *family heart-warmer*. (*Paramount*)

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. REEDER. Will Fyffe's individual characterization of a leisurely detective raises this melodrama to a good *adult level*, although there are moments when the inevitable chase slows down to a walk. Willy counterfeiters are the culprits and their just fate indicates that the lowly thriller at least is still strong for fundamental morality. (*Monogram*)

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SUMMER VACATIONERS

EVENTS

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THE oft-repeated counsel that Americans should stop their frantic hurry and adopt a leisurely attitude toward life appeared to be bearing fruit. . . . In 1889, a citizen took a book out of the Hornell, N. Y., library. He returned the volume in the early days of 1940. . . . Proposed to in 1900, a Taberg, N. Y., woman deliberated forty years, said: "Yes," last month. The prospective bridegroom, waiting for an answer, had begun to show signs of impatience. . . . When a Knoxville, Tenn., mill closed down in 1911, the watchman was ordered to get the plant ready for an early reopening. Obeying orders, he has kept the machinery prepared each month since then, does not care what century the command for the reopening comes. . . . In 1892, a Harvard man cheated in his final examination and won a degree. After thinking the matter over, he wrote the university in 1940 asking that the degree be revoked. . . . The new-found leisurely pace seemed to be infecting animals also. . . . A pigeon left Port Huron, Mich., in June, 1937 as a contestant in a 500-mile race to Torrington, Conn. It reached Torrington in April, 1940. The bird was described as a racing pigeon. . . . Novel commencement exercises were glimpsed. . . . In the East a student of parachute techniques took the final jump of his course and graduated in a tree. . . . Annoying incidents made census enumerators doubt the evidence of their own census. . . . When a New York enumerator commenced questioning a warrant officer, the officer arrested him for non-support of his wife. . . . An Illinois census taker sat on a porch, inquired if the house needed repairs. Before the owner could reply, the porch collapsed. . . . A Texas citizen was marked down as following the profession of "cow thief." His family disclosed he had made several trips to the penitentiary because of devotion to his chosen work. . . . It took an Indiana enumerator one hour and a half to interrogate eleven persons in a large apartment house, for which labor he received forty-four cents. When he emerged, he noticed on his car a ticket for overtime parking. The ticket cost him fifty cents. . . .

Misunderstandings were reported. . . . At the Georgia State Capitol, a farmer asked the way to the Veterans Department. Directed to the proper room, he informed the clerk there he had a sick cow and wanted to consult with the State Veteran. . . . A coincidence occurred. . . . In Wisconsin a man named Ole Lee was given the numerals 337-370 on his auto license plates. Turned upside down, the numerals spell: Ole Lee. . . . The yearning for security continued. . . . A New York woman provided in her will for the old-age security of her twenty-nine-year-old cow, Victoria. The owner of the elderly cow announced: "Should Victoria outlive me, my executors are instructed to insure her a home and the same care to which she has been accustomed on my farm." . . . Faint signs interpreted as indicating an improving economic situation were discerned. . . . A Midwest railroad company reported a sharp drop in the numbers of hobos riding the rods. . . . Restaurant owners throughout the nation revealed a noticeable increase in the amount of figures scribbled on cafe table cloths. Economists were gratified as the table-cloth scribbling spread, maintaining increase of the practice signified more business deals. Restaurant owners, however, expressed displeasure, urged that some other method of aiding business be found. . . . On the reverse side of the economic picture, there appeared what some experts regarded as symptoms of a tightening money market. . . . One large Eastern railroad corporation reported an amazing drop in its "conscience fund." . . . Dissident experts declared the slimming "conscience fund" was not a sign of sick money but of an epidemic of sick consciences.

THE PARADER